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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1927 — NUMBER 49

The Ground of Criticism

MORE than fifteen years ago our modern disciple of Croce, Joel Elias Spingarn, distinguished, in a Columbia University lecture, between "the two sexes of Criticism," and discussed the antinomy "deep in the nature of criticism" as applied to art. He defined dogmatism (or judgment) as the masculine type of criticism and impressionism (or enjoyment) as the feminine type. But the two sexes, he thought, must acknowledge a common grandfather in Sainte-Beuve who developed the theory of literature as an expression of personality. The Germans made this theory philosophically precise. Carlyle later restated Goethe's dictum about the critic's function being to determine first what the writer had undertaken to do and then how far he had succeeded in doing it. What did he desire to express and how well had he expressed it? Which eventually led to Croce's conclusion that not only is art expression but that all expression is art. At which point Mr. Spingarn avowed that this theory clears "the ground of Criticism of its dead lumber and its weeds." By which he meant, chiefly, dogmatic rules however evolved.

Rules, as he said, have always burdened creative art. But rules rise again. New pedants and new formulæ succeed old pedants and old formulæ. Critical man is ever prone to classify. There is always the danger that art to critical man will become subservient to some mere system of pigeonholes. Yet art, said Spingarn, following his master, *is* expression, style is inseparable from expression, technique is simply personality. Have done then with all rules of classical rhetoric,—and have done also, by all means, with "all moral judgment of literature!"

* * *

Now there is much truth in all this, and certainly Mr. Spingarn's argument seems almost conservative in view of the preaching and practise of modern art through the fifteen years since he delivered his lecture. Beauty, he said then, aims neither at morals nor at truth. "Her imaginary creations, by definition, make no pretence to reality, and cannot be judged by reality's tests." But just at that point, it seems to us that the cultivated gentleman began talking through his hat, as many and many a modern artist has been talking since. "The poet's only moral duty, as a poet, is to be true to his art, and to express his vision of reality as well as he can." Between this and the quotation just before it, is there no conflict?

There seems to us to arise a quite considerable confusion. We do not see the ground of criticism altogether clear of weeds as yet, even under the Crocean dispensation. To make this plainer, in speaking on a point just recently raised again in a letter by Mr. John Crowe Ransom to the *New Republic*, namely, the value of contemporaneity in poetry, Mr. Spingarn said, "How can a twentieth century poet, even when he imagines that he is concerned with Greek or Egyptian life, deal with any subject but the life of his own time, except in the most external and superficial detail?" (Mr. Ransom says, "Poetry is automatically and inevitably contemporary"). True! But then suddenly Mr. Spingarn added, "We have done with the race, the time, the environment of a poet's work as an element in Criticism." That is going altogether too far. It is, in fact, absurd.

But—we have done with all classical rules, with all separate discussion of style and technique, with all ethics, with the criticism of themes *per se*, with race, time, and environment, with the concept of "progress" in literature,—and what one must do to be a critic is simply to develop one's esthetic judgment to the point where it in itself becomes artistic creation, for "taste must reproduce the work of art within itself in order to understand and judge it." These, it appears, were Mr. Spingarn's main desiderata. For, finally, "Intellectual curiosity may amuse itself by asking its little questions of the silent sons of light, but they vouchsafe no answer to art's pale shadow, thought."

Now, Heaven knows we are in many ways in sympathy with what Mr. V. F. Calverton (whose views we touched upon two weeks ago) refers to as "the Spingarn-Croce, Carlyle-Goethe theory," and we also wish the lumber and the weeds cleared away from the ground of criticism. But we agree with Mr. Calverton that this "airy sort of definition," though "not without value" has "implications so numerous as seriously to narrow and obfuscate its meaning." And when we come finally to this business of "the sons of light" and "art's pale shadow, thought,"—well, that is a bit too transcendental for us altogether. Rather we incline to Mr.

(*Continued on page* 942)

An Independent

By ROBERT GRAVES

THE warring styles both claim him as their man
But undisturbed, resisting either pull
He paints each picture on its own right plan
As unexpected as inevitable.

They while admitting that this treatment is
Its own justification, take offence
At his unmodish daily practices:
Granting him genius, they deny him sense.

He grinds his paints in his own studio,
Has four legitimate children (odd!) and thinks
Of little else; he dresses like a crow,
Keeps with his wife and neither smokes nor drinks.

When painting is discussed, he takes no part,
Pretends he's dull; and who can call his bluff?
The styles protest, while honoring his art,
He will not take Art seriously enough.

This Week

Ships and the Sea. By Captain *David Bone.*

"Oil." Reviewed by *R. G. Tugwell.*

"Mother and Son." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

Qwertyuiop: A Shirtsleeves History.

Books on the Peace. Reviewed by *Charles Seymour.*

"Midsummer Music." Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*

"The Hound-Tuner of Callaway." Reviewed by *C. F. Ansley.*

Next Week, or Later

"France and America." Reviewed by *Newton D. Baker.*

Plays and "Works"

By JOHN MASON BROWN

Theatre Arts Monthly

TIME was when playwrights were too close to their theatres to be as careful about their publishers as they are today. The Elizabethans, for example, lived such crowded hours trying to keep pace with the production needs of the Globe and Fortune theatres that they had little of the leisure which the slower methods of our current theatre forces on its dramatists. If they lacked the time to read their own galleys, these playwrights also lacked the inclination to rush into print with their plays. For one thing, professional ethics, in a day that was innocent of copyright laws, made these early dramatists consider their texts the exclusive property of their theatres, and forced them to feel with Thomas Heywood that finding a publisher and a manager at the same time was little less than a "misdemeanor." There was, however, an even sturdier reason to keep them out of print, a reason which had a fundamental bearing on the nature of their craft. It was not that they shunned publishers in general, for these Elizabethans were as eager as any authors in seeking printers for their poems. But that was different. Poems, well poems were literature and every gentleman tossed off and edited his poems. And hence it was that Shakespeare read his proofs diligently for "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" and, if the scholars are right, never bothered to see mere plays like "Hamlet" and "Othello" through the press. And hence it was, too, that when, in 1616, Ben Jonson took his plays so seriously as to publish them in "a fair volume in folio" bearing the heavy title of Works, he proved himself to be not only "rare" among his contemporaries but a joke among them, too. London laughed at his arrogance, his lack of humor, and his vanity, and laughed in the no uncertain terms of the epigrams that went through the town, one of which has come down to us. It ran:—

> Pray tell me, Ben, where does the mystery lurk?
> What others call a play, you call a work.

And the question, thus put, can be fairly asked today when published plays are taken as a matter of course, and when the interest in the theatre is so widespread that not only the season's successes but also a solid percentage of its failures find their way into print. The process of stripping a play of its production and wrapping the remains in the jacket of a book still has its full load of mystery, however. Nor can printed plays ever become so common that the fascination of trying to determine what is theatre and what is literature will become a stale and arid pastime. It is as fresh and answerless today, when the texts of plays of such various merits as "Broadway" or "The Silver Cord" or "Daisy Mayme" have taken refuge in book covers as when Ben Jonson first edited his ponderous Works. Now, as then, these printed plays must stand without the aid of that "fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling." Now, as then, these plays have ceased to be theatre at the very moment when the last speech in the last scene has been spoken and the stage, set according to some designer's notion, has been blotted out by the final curtain. For when "Ned McCobb's Daughter" or "In Abraham's Bosom," or any of the plays of this season, or, in fact, of any period, fall into the reader's hands, they have become a little less than literature and a little more than acting drama.

In one signal respect, however, plays that have been freshly seen in the theatre separate themselves from the classics or the modern plays the reader has not seen. The dramas which come fresh to the reader without the interference of any performance

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are, after all, capable of being judged solely on their own merits and staged in that divinest of all theatres, "the theatre under each man's hat," with the reader as his own producer. But private production, in the mind's eye, of a play one has not seen requires a trained and ready visualization and a more fluent knowledge of the theatre's language than most readers are prepared to bring to it.

To the reader who has seen them before reading them such plays as "White Wings," or "The Field God," or "The Brothers Karamazov," for example, present almost unsurmountable difficulties when he tries to separate the personalities of the actors he has seen from the bare facts of the script before him. As a reader, instead of as a spectator, he must stop up his ears, close his eyes, and try to obliterate the performance before which he sat if he is to approach the play as it left the author's hands. He must, in other words, subtract in order to discover, without the prejudice of memory, what the mere text of the play he is reading holds in its own denuded right. And if he can distinguish between the play as produced and the script as written and perceive where the lightning of the theatre has illumined moments in the productions which were not even indicated in the text, then he is well along toward penetrating the mystery of all mysteries in the theatre. In the prosaic terms of Algebra he stands a fair chance of at last discovering the value of "X."

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Surely no play of the present season contains more of that magical lightning than "Broadway."* In the theatre it clicks with a precision which is so unswerving that its very surety gives it its style. Laid backstage in a night club and concerned with a little "hoofer" whose idiom is the vivid language of "Variety," and peopled with chorus girls, bootleggers, gunmen, and detectives, it happily combines the pungent argot of "Is Zat So?" with the most exciting methods of the crook play. Its dialogue reeks of the streets, of the quick give-and-take of the everyday, is, in fact, so racy and journalistic that Alexander Woollcott has suggested that the manuscript of "Broadway" "must have come through over the ticker." Consequently when Philip Dunning's and George Abbott's script is robbed of its actors it cannot but seem a little flat. It is a play that has been snatched out of its medium and that survives the process with just about the same success as the gold-fish which has jumped on the carpet. With the color of its setting gone, and without the whine of its off-stage orchestra and the contortions of its chorus girls, many of its tensest theatre moments slip by coldly in the text. Time and again they are consigned to such laconic stage directions as "dances into cabaret in comic position," or "Roy enters from cabaret," or "they put daggers in mouths and slink out of cabaret to sneaky music," which while they state the facts adequately enough, can in no way suggest the gulpy excitement these moments hold in the actual production.

* * *

Although both "Ned McCobb's Daughter"** and "The Silver Cord"*** are in every sense of the word acting plays they also have a stylistic distinction of their own which grants them an independent literary life. Their pages smell of grease paint but they are not smeared with it, and hence it is that they do not have to fear the cold light of print. They hold their own in type not only because of Sidney Howard's *flair* for plotting and characterization, but also because of the vigorous and vivid style which stamps his dialogue. Of the two plays, "The Silver Cord" is quite naturally the better reading. As a problem play it appeals to the mind even when the eye is loafing. By its very nature it lends itself to the niceties of debate, to the high polish of speeches of the *raisonneur* variety, and to arguments that are carefully mulled and succinctly stated. Consequently its reading text, like the reading texts of most problem plays, offers other than theatrical diversions. In the library, however, the very frankness of its forensics and the unabashed oratory of its concluding act cannot but lose something of the emotional force they possessed when they were spoken to crowded houses waiting breathless for each rebuttal and heeding a simple and easy form of statement. Mr. Howard has plunged into the question of the extent to which mother-love should be tolerated. He creates his Mrs. Phelps, a selfish and dominating widow, who rules her two boys by the lowest weapons of sentimentality, and then matches her strength with that of Christina, the sober-minded scientist one of her sons has married. Though she has held her boys close to her as children, Mrs. Phelps also wants to keep them close to her as men. By every stratagem of sentimentality she breaks off Robert's engagement to Hester and tries to break up David's marriage to Christina. But she has not calculated Christina's strength correctly, and between them is waged the good old warfare of the heart against the head which has lasted since the beginning of time. In the course of this conflict, Mr. Howard hits with a fine vigor, but not, it must be admitted, without an almost audacious obviousness. Beginning to create a character of comedy, and, in fact, actually creating such completely drawn figures as Mrs. Phelps and Christina, he soon puts them behind him in favor of the viewpoints they represent. In the reading, Mr. Howard's espousal of his thesis (and the thesis is Hester's observation that mothers should learn to "have'm, love'm, and leave'm be") is even more undisguised than in performance. Nor does his presentation of the facts possess the cold impartiality, say, of a Galsworthy play. Mr. Howard surrenders his play to his idea, by giving it over to his women and writing such spineless "mother's darlings" for his sons that they are scarcely worth being saved. They suffer from understatement even as the women suffer from overstatement and the result often pushes the play dangerously close to caricature. In the reading those broader methods which are safe and sure and almost commendable in the theatre seem unnecessarily lacking in subtlety. But, faults and all, "The Silver Cord" deals so vigorously with a situation of such universality that it ranks, in print, as well as in the theatre, as one of the most arresting and provoking plays of the season.

Certainly, "Ned McCobb's Daughter" is not in its class. If it is fair to steal the terminology of the Grand Central, it finds Mr. Howard writing on an upper and a lower level. In characterization and dialogue, in the rich contrast of Carrie, the New Englander who can drive a bargain, and Babe Callahan, the Eastside bootlegger who knows no scruples, and in the fine flow of its regional speech, it contains the elements of an excellent play. But Mr. Howard has hitched his stars to a creaky old vehicle of a plot which smacks of the good old Down-East melodramas and the Cohan crook plays, and is in no way worthy of his characters. Even so for those who like their theatre, as well as their reading, to be a matter of pleasant fairy tales, even when they are dressed in modern clothes, it moves along at a lively and always interesting pace. If anything, it moves too fast, so fast that in the second act, when Carrie's father is lying in his casket, Mr. Howard has to remind us several times that, in spite of all the action crowded into this act, the wake itself is still in progress.

* * *

George Kelly's "Daisy Mayme"* follows a different course. If "Broadway" came in over the ticker, "Daisy Mayme" came in over the dictaphone. It seems, at first, almost wearisomely concerned with the minutiæ of realism, the "hellos" and "goodbyes" of everyday, the weather and the health questions, and the menu rigmarole which are the sign-posts of verisimilitude. As John van Druten has pointed out in an article on "Smalls Souls and Great Plays," Mr. Kelly observes so closely that, "at the opening of Act II, I read 'Ruth enters, eating an after-dinner mint.'" And Mr. van Druten proceeds to conjure the "mental picture of 'one after-dinner mint' figuring on the stage manager's list of properties." But so it is with Mr. Kelly who is the most naturalistic of our dramatists, and who justifies his loving attention to details by the thoroughness of the portrait he presents when he has finished it. Here, when he is depicting the effect of the strident Daisy Mayme's visit to a quiet and catty Philadelphia family, Mr. Kelly leaves no stone unturned and no mint unmentioned, and his Kipaxes, Fenners, and Mettingers are astoundingly real when he drops his final curtain. Whether they are worthy of such observation is an entirely different and much more difficult question. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Kelly uses his details merely for the love of them. Tedious as they seem at first, Mr. Kelly is too astute a showman to admit the purely extraneous into his plays. Sooner or later he puts each bothersome little detail to a good use, and the use is as successfully dramatic as his method is definitely novelistic. And it is because of this very method, this practice of sparing his readers any efforts at visualization, that his plays read so pleasantly and well.

If Philip Barry's "White Wings"* reads better than it played the reason is not far to seek. Where the action with which Mr. Barry sought to reenforce his fantasy seemed regrettably tenuous in the theatre, its thinness does not matter in the reading. For the dialogue which embroiders it is of such a mad and delightful nature that it seems more than self-sufficient as writing. Mr. Barry has dramatized the warfare between traditionalists and progressives in terms of the scions of a family of "white wings" and a family of automobile inventors. Archie, his hero, who is just beginning to follow the horses, and Mary, his heroine, who cares for engines, are the symbolic Montagues and Capulets of his struggle. In the theatre they came through as but half-drawn and hence their story of thwarted love was denied its emotional strength just as Mr. Barry's satire was cheated of a spine. Without action and emotion the gorgeous nonsense of "White Wings" seemed, in performance, one-act material pulled too far. But the needs of the library are different, and readers who are familiar with Donald Ogden Stewart's hilarious spoofing are ready for Mr. Barry's. His is a very genuine and irresistible gift, and his satire is both diverting and Rabelaisian. The pity is that the high spirits of his comedy are not sustained by sturdier plotting and that a play which has such a decided literary charm should not have a greater dramatic force.

* * *

"The Field God"** and "In Abraham's Bosom" hold a rather special interest of their own, because the two of them come as the first long plays from the pen of Paul Green, and also because "In Abraham's Bosom" carried off this season's Pulitzer Prize. Mr. Green's name has been rapidly rising among American playwrights. Ever since such fine and gripping one-acts as "The No 'Count Boy" and "Lonesome Road" he has been winning a wide and enthusiastic public for himself, achieving the rare prestige of being constantly compared to and mentioned with Eugene O'Neill. Until this present season, however, which saw both of these long plays produced, Mr. Green was mainly known beyond the bounds of Broadway where he had already become a little theatre classic. He was hailed as a white hope, and had justified the faith of his admirers by his relentless, often beautiful, and almost always powerful one-act dramas of folk and Negro life in the Carolinas. Unfortunately, the step from the one-act form to the long play is not an easy one. Nor does the one-act gift in a dramatist any more imply that he is also possessor of a talent for the three-act form, than that a painter who is able to paint miniatures should have a like skill in murals, or that a short-story writer should also be adept as a novelist. "The Field God" and "In Abraham's Bosom" make this point only too clear. They reveal Mr. Green, with all of his considerable and very persuasive gifts, stumbling through a period of transition rather than mastering a new form. Both of them are plays of greater promise than accomplishment, and both of them expose certain serious faults which Mr. Green must conquer if his future work is to realize its expectations. Like O'Neill, he seems unable to edit himself. And, consequently, he often stands in the way of his own aim, permitting flaws to remain in his plays which should have disappeared in the second writing. "In Abraham's Bosom," in particular, falls short of its goal. It is, even when its seventh scene is reached, only a series of one-act plays which are never quite whipped into final unity. Its story of a Negro Abraham who seeks to be a prophet among his own people only to invite misery on himself and his family is told

*Broadway. By Philip Dunning and George Abbott. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927. $2.

*The Brothers Karamazov. Dramatized by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué. New York: Published for the Theatre Guild by Doubleday, Page & Company. 1927. $1.

*This Woman Business. By Benn W. Levy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $1.50.

**Ned McCobb's Daughter. By Sidney Howard. The same.

***The Silver Cord. By Sidney Howard. New York: Published for the Theatre Guild by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $1.

*Daisy Mayme. By George Edward Kelly. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $1.50.

*White Wings. By Philip Barry. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

**The Field God, and in Abraham's Bosom. By Paul Green. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1927 $2.

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with a fine fervor, but its repetitions show a careless hand. Its race problem is handled with a clumsiness which is only matched by its sincerity. But while its raw, chunky moments obstruct its flow they do not hide the vehement sympathy from which the play springs and the intermittent brilliance of the writing. Considered as a Pulitzer Prize winner, however, it cannot but seem that the judges of the Flower Show have given their award to a seed envelope rather than a full-grown plant. "The Field God" is, in many respects, a better play than "In Abraham's Bosom." In it Mr. Green has no problem to present and hence is freer to present both his characters and his plot. Of the two it must be admitted it is his characters which come off the better. His idiot boy, his gossiping neighbors, and his old washerwoman, who are the Gobbos of his tragedy, are sketched with an admirable skill and endowed with a humor that is rare among tragic writers. They form the chorus to the bleak, domestic tragedy Mr. Green narrates concerning the return of a city girl to a farm, where her married uncle and his younger friend both fall in love with her. Death follows death and evil piles on evil at such a break-neck rate that they strain credulity and numb the over-taxed emotions of both reader and spectator alike. The first two-thirds of the play, however, does give concrete evidence of Mr. Green's very real and remarkable earth-sprung talents. It shimmers with speeches which, while they are rich in a poetic imagery, are so burning with emotion and so faithful to character that they are beautifully adapted to the theatre's needs. But in the last two scenes, when Gilchrist, the rugged farmer who has defied God, finds him within his own breast, the writing takes on a maudlin and uncontrolled ecstasy which is, unfortunately, not written in dramatic terms. Then Mr. Green, the literary man, gets the better of Mr. Green, the dramatist, and the play slides steadily down hill, slipping from one transcendental frenzy to another and roaring passionately but ineffectually to its conclusion.

"The Brothers Karamazov," as dramatized by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué, knows all of the horrors known to Paul Green—and more. It is a melodrama of the Russian soul which has been translated into the tautest terms of the Grand Guignol by its French adaptors and which, consequently, cannot but lose much of its highly theatrical character when read comfortably in the library. Even without its epileptic Smerdiakov, its long, terrifying stairs and the fine vocalization which it needs, it has a neatness of workmanship which justifies its reading. That much cannot be said for Benn W. Levy's "This Woman Business," one of the stalest of misogynist comedies, which falls far short of both the sophistication and brilliance at which it so obviously aims.

Ships and the Sea

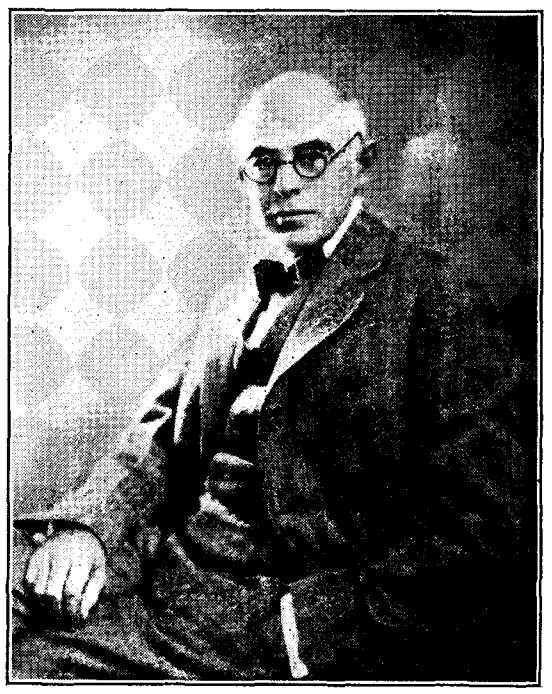
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

THE four handsome volumes comprising Mr. Bower's "The Sea"*** can be recommended to libraries, to students of nautical research, and to those who are greatly interested in ships and the sea. The author is already widely known as a competent authority on his subject. The illustrations are—in the main—reproductions of sea prints in the famous Macpherson Collection. As an example of good bookmaking, of enthralling interest, and happy visual appeal, it could hardly be excelled.

Mr. Bowen embarks courageously upon a high and difficult adventure. To document the history and romance of the sea calls for an unwearying patience that can only be sustained by a keen love of the subject and an enthusiasm as unbounded as the sea itself. These qualities the author possesses in no scant measure for, putting to sea with the Phœnicians in Chapter I, he makes a good landfall in familiar waters, with the clipper ship's hull down on the dark horizon, in the concluding pages of Volume Four. While his great exemplar, Richard Hakluyt, wrote openly of the "great charges and infinite cares, toiles and travels, and wearying out" in compiling his "Traffiques and Discoveries," Mr. Bowen lets his Indexes give hint of high purpose yielding to the strain of midnight labors. In the first volume the Index is everything an idle reviewer could dream of; from "America, Discovery of: Phoenician legend: Irish claim to: Norse discovery of: Danes and Portuguese in," to "Weather gage, first mention of" and "Yarmouth, Queen Mary blockaded at" it abounds in wealth of phrase. But such richesse cannot forever be expended. In the subsequent volumes, he is constrained by the very growth of his subject to such terse entries as "Atlantic ferry, 177,-200" and "*Zephyr*, American clipper ship, 145."

In a work of such magnitude it would be difficult, if not impossible, to employ a sequential and narrative form. The issues of seafaring may be likened to the sea itself: trade winds and tempest, flood tide and ebb, fair sailing and foul. Mr. Bowen wisely elects to use a "paragraphic" style—short tacks—in his efforts to work to windward of his subject. One could not suggest any other method by which the direct and counter currents of all the seas, the birth—and doom—of ports and harbors, the rise and fall of naval powers, the advancement of navigation and the perfecting of ship design, the discovery of new lands and the extension of the sea horizon, could all be weathered and charted out. There is scarcely one section in all the chapters of his work that could not be extended to the proportions of a sizeable volume.

While holding diligently to his main theme, the advancement of man's effort to make highways of the lone seas—and to govern them—the author of "The Sea" makes bright inquiry into the landward ways of the seamen, and the character of the men who sailed abroad. In this he has the sense of proper values in separating fact from legend. He weaves no gossamer fabric from rude sailor tales but rather fashions a credible yarn from the shreds that his



FRANK H. SIMONDS
Author of "How Europe Made Peace Without America" (Doubleday, Page). *See page 944*

earnest search has recovered in almost forgotten sea lore. Consider the case of Richard Jenkins, master of the *Rebecca* of Glasgow in 1738.

> . . . according to his declaration he had been boarded by a Spanish man-o-war whose captain had cut off one of his ears with the remark: "Carry this home to the King, your master, whom, if he were present, I would serve in like *fashion*." He carried out his instructions and told his story to Parliament, with the result that a wave of intense indignation swept over the country. More than one authority has suggested that Captain Jenkins actually lost his ear in the pillory and that the rest of his story was fabrication, but at least it served to put an end to the constant insults of Spain.

And so began the famous "War of Jenkins' Ear." They knew propaganda in the old days. Camouflage, too. ". . . sail, hull, and the clothes of the crew are reported to have been colored blue to make it less conspicuous, and for speed the hull was covered with a coating of wax." This is Caesar's time, and the ship bedecked, a British galley. There is nothing new!

In the same volume that deals succintly with The Spanish Succession, The War of American Independence, The Continental Empires, their trade and shipping, appears an absorbing chapter upon the Seamen of the Day that, to the right minded reader, explains why passions were so aroused that the sword of liberty was drawn. Depicting the wrongs of seamen in the latter half of the eighteenth century, one wonders that inevitable revolt was so long delayed. Refused the fruits of their hardy labors, hunted by the press-gang as soon as they set foot ashore after years of voyaging. Exploited by vicious longshoremen who sent the ships to sea in the happy expectation of disaster. The Navy ruled by politicians. Flogging. "Petty Officers. One of their *priveleges* (the italics are the reviewer's own) was that they were not supposed to be flogged, but some old post-captains who believed in the lash above all things soon got over this. Their method was to call a petty officer down from aloft, disrate him on deck, have him triced up and flogged, and then immediately re-promote him petty officer and order him back to his station."

I am convinced that Mr. Bowen would be the very first to acknowledge his land and sea marks on the long course that he has elected to follow. Without benefit of the many fine prints that enrich his volumes, he could not possibly have achieved so complete a success in recording the way of ships at sea. The Macpherson collection is notable, and here at least one grateful admirer is able to record his sense of obligation for the privilege of examining such fine reproductions. Sea prints are rarely imaginative works. They are obviously commissioned by some interested party, often an eye-witness of the scene depicted. . . . This reviewer has no qualms of conscience where the understanding of such pictures is concerned. He appends—hopeful of editorial sanction—an article written in 1923 at the request of Joseph Conrad, commenting upon them as contemporary evidence not only of rig and design of vessels but as illustrative of sea practice in days past.

Old Seafaring Prints

ALTHOUGH both poster artist and news-photographer are extensively employed in depicting the shipping of today, they have little story to tell in their pictures. The artist is bound by the limits of his commission: he must never outrage the convention that modern steamships always "tower" above unduly diminutive tugs or harbor craft, that the seas in which they sail are ever smooth and sun-bedecked, that never do they deviate from the perpendicular in trim. The great moments of storm and stress are rarely chosen as subjects for reproduction; the reassuring pictorial advertisement that covers the hoarding has no point, no meaning, save a message of cheer and comfort addressed to the potential passenger.

The news-photographer, if less controlled and limited by his commission (he is, indeed, encouraged, nay, hounded, in his quest for the sensational) is more closely restricted by the medium in which he works than the free-hand poster artist. The elements—storm, fog, darkness—that contribute to disaster at sea are inimical to photographic work. The best he can do, save in rare fortuitous circumstances, is to present an *in memoriam* card that arouses no sense of tragedy, present or impending. Photographed in the light of day, in the calm after the storm, a stranded vessel—an overturned locomotive and shattered carriages—the rafters and debris of a burnt-out warehouse—are not particularly arresting. Curiously perhaps, they convey no great impression of disaster, they evoke no emotion, compel no mental reconstruction of a scene of horror and despair.

In the hey-day of the sailing ship, there was no such subtle restriction placed upon the artist by his commercial employer or patrons. The printsellers' shops abounded with sea pictures, ships and seafaring, wrecks, dismastings, "the plight of the few survivors in a cavern of the rocks,"—all titled and addressed (praying patronage indeed) to those most interested in the fortunes of the ill-fated ships. "H. M. S. *Halcyone*, clawing off a lee shore in the night of the 25th November, 18—," is respectfully dedicated to The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty: a print of the loss of the Ship *Halswell* is addressed to the Honorable East India Company: the engraving of the rescue of passengers and crew of the Ship *Lockwoods* has a magnificent appeal to the Liverpool Steam Tug Company by "their obedient servant, John Lynn" (who commissioned the drawing), as his tribute to their Steam Tug *Victoria*, Captain Eccles, concerned in effecting the rescue in defiance of the fiercest gale that ever confronted the exertions of an intrepid and humane seaman.

In these old prints it is not difficult to discover the manner of their creation. Although signed by the artist, often one of great repute, the work could not wholly be considered as his. While his hand was certainly the executant, his eye was only concerned in the pictorial record of an eye-witness's or sur-

***The Sea, Its History and Romance. By Frank C. owen. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1927. 4 ols. $20.

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vivor's account. The proof of this lies plainly in the prints. Here, noting the posture of a bruised seaman clinging desperately to floating spar and cordage, one can almost hear the prompting voice . . . "Bill, 'e wos in th' mizen riggin' w'en she struck, an' th' mast went by th' board. I seen 'im come ashore, clingin' t' th' spars . . . but afore 'he got proper footin' on th' rocks, th' spar wot brought 'im ashore struck 'im over th' 'ead an' I didn't see 'im no more.' " . . .

Or again, the accuracy of a seamen's observation is evidenced in the detail of a falling body. . . .

I tol' 'im it wos near 'igh tite, but 'e was afeerd, an' 'e started t' shin up th' clifts. . . . W'en 'e got up a bit, 'is 'and slipped an' 'e come down by th' run an' wos killed. Jim Stokes, that wos. . . . No! Not like that! . . . 'e come down wit' 'is 'ead flung back. I tol' ye it wos 'is 'and wot slipped, not 'is feet!"

An evidence of a profound visual memory in the artist—a seaman eye-witness as well or so I conjecture from the naïve elaboration of detail—is shown in a lithograph of the beaching of the Brig *Fame* at Deal. Black night and a whole gale from south-sou' west! A huge fire on the beach, indicating to the distressed crew of the brig a suitable point to cast their ship ashore as a last resort. Running figures, shadowed on the shore by light of the fire, carrying wood and tar-barrels to augment the blaze; women in poke-bonnets, their skirts blown out voluminously,—the men, in stiff tall hats, bending into the gale. The *Fame* lies broadside to the beach, her mainmast gone and only the rags of fore-canvas streaming down the wind. She lies with a list to seaward, and this is perhaps the intimate detail—that would only occur to a skilled seaman—establishing his subject as the actual moment of impact, for only at that moment would she list to seaward; the ensuing battery of the sea on her broadside would surely roll her in. In the glare of the fire, the shipwrecked seamen are seen gathered in the eyes (the forepart) of the ill-starred brig. A less knowledgeable artist would certainly have placed them in a position nearest to the beach. But "John Wayne" knew that their peril would be enhanced by a leap from such a position, that a seaman would choose the protecting sheer of the bows and avoid the danger of a grounding bilge. The print is described as "the scene from the doorway of The Red Lion Inn." Doubtless the good host would be preparing comforts for the shipwrecked sailors: Deal folk of the day—if notoriously hard at a sea bargain—were known hospitallers when there was sorrow on the sea.

The Ground of Criticism

(*Continued from page* 939)

Calverton, though not entirely accepting him, when he cogently remarks, "The cry of the esthetes is the echo of the purblind idealist, groping wildly for a promise of freedom in a materially determined world." He would seem to have grounds for his pronouncement. Mr. Calverton, however, is committed to the exposition of a sociological basis for criticism,—while Mr. Spingarn aloofly adores Art as some sort of an immaculate conception in some sort of a new nebular hypothesis!

For what Mr. Spingarn seems to us to be aiming at in his exposition of Croce is an appreciation of art of such infinite latitude that one would logically end by sitting down and ejaculating "Ah!" before any form of expression that might seem stupendous to any one individual, while appearing, at the same time, excessively feeble to many another. Is not *all* expression art? Such appreciation would, of course, bear no relation to criticism as we ourselves conceive criticism. Nor do we conceive criticism as rules, formulæ, and prejudice. But this is Mr. Spingarn's own "feminine type" of criticism in far too great an ascendancy. And all around us today are the sons of light, not, indeed, at all silent before art's pale shadow, thought. And thought is the only instrument the critic possesses for judging art, even though art may, by some divine dispensation, be able to exist without thought altogether!

The lumber and weeds can hardly be said to be cleared away. What we see today, in a great many cases among the artists, is a meaningless smudge and welter of experimentation, glorified by a quite unsubstantiated vision of the artists themselves as these same sons of light. Few are the sons. Meanwhile, the historical, the esthetic, most certainly the didactic approach to criticism,—these are all held as deeply dubious if not indeed utterly ridiculous. And Mr. Calverton's own sociological approach, though mainly sound, is far from solving everything. Some new and more satisfactory synthesis is certainly badly needed. What avatar?

In Re Subject Matter

OIL. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927.

Reviewed by Rexford Guy Tugwell
Columbia University

SUCH spirits as this are not easily understood by the tender-minded. This flying in the face of truth, this outraging of artistic sensibilities is not easily borne in silence. It would be better to follow that tawdry novelistic tradition of which the cultivated are dimly aware but which there are no conclusions to recognize, to account for, than this hollow pretence of art. For, with an irritating show of credibility, critics can be damned as of other—and blind—faiths. Under the banner of radicalism, of aspiration, of new social gropings, and with the specious externals of a form adhered to, Mr. Sinclair can smugly think of himself as the American Zola, unhonored by his peers at home, but having formidable stature abroad. This hollow structure of words, filled with automata gesturing toward Utopia, has a singular power to disturb.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, for instance, a being tranquil, perspicacious, understanding, comes to the very edge of querulousness on reading "Jimmie Higgins" and certain others of Mr. Sinclair's works, "as bad as books can be, weak, slovenly, deficient in all the qualities that make a work of art," and he adds, with an odor of burning, "Novels are novels; from the standpoint of criticism their subject-matter cannot save them." So he dismisses the horrid pretensions of a charlatan. But it is a bone he cannot either swallow or leave. He worries it. Hatred of the upper classes, which it is clearly Mr. Sinclair's purpose to engender, will not save the working class. Salvation, Mr. Brooks is certain, can never come to workers so little the masters of their fates. If they are as they are pictured, puppet-paragons of virtue and their masters equally paragons of vice, vice will always have the best of it—and, one can imagine Mr. Brooks's feeling, ought to. Judged just as contributions to social amelioration, also, these books of Mr. Sinclair have only the power to disturb the roots of hate; they cultivate no sterner qualities which would make of common men the heroes of a human destiny.

* * *

This is comment of so wise a sort that there is little left to say in the way of literary criticism. But Mr. Brooks himself has invited wider judgment. It is a justification of his devastating analysis that what he said of earlier books should be so accurately true of this latest of them. The workers here are shown in progress toward the capture of an industrialism which they would apparently be reduced to operating on the principle of soap-box oratory. The masters seem to have been operating it heretofore as a by-product of oppression. The feeling of a race winning its standards by sweat and in the dire dilemmas of thought is no part of Mr. Sinclair's Utopian conception. But what would you? Is subject matter altogether unimportant? If this millenial ass is to be cast out as a bad novelist and a worse philosopher, still there is this to be said. He has chosen for his theme the single great one which Henry James and Mark Twain would not touch, even in their several ways, either of them, with a ten-foot pole.

It is this which a really just critic should have acknowledged. Indeed he has acknowledged it within the same covers, in his "Emerson and Others."

> He is to be discovered explaining Emerson in terms of going Concord; the frocked and booted New Englanders with work to do, with contrivance in their hands and shrewdness in their heads were Emerson's creators in a way, as he can see. Drovers, teamsters, ploughmen, harvesters, hostlers, bar-keepers, constables—there was life there. And Emerson as *littérateur;* whence that pith, that nutty wisdom, that thrift of phrase? "Everett and Bancroft should certainly have lived in Concord. They would never have poured out such floods of empty rhetoric if they had spent a few minutes in the square each morning listening to the drovers and teamsters. What rattling oaths, how beautiful and thrilling! They fell like a shower of bullets. What stinging phrases, and that fiery double negative! No pale academicians there, but a strong, salty speech, brisk and laconic, words so vascular and alive they would bleed if you cut them, words that walked and ran."

So Emerson going to school in the public square.

The difficulty with Upton Sinclair is that his is a kind of mind which cannot learn, even in the school which taught Emerson much. Mr. Brooks must be granted the contention that he is no artist. But so just a critic also ought to take his contemporaries to task for leaving the whole field of man's tragic relations to work to the Sinclairs among us. The public squares of our time have changed it is true. But there are those of us with whom historic homesickness is so real a malady that we are prepared to say, "life has gone out of them." That cannot be true. The life must still be there, and the salt of speech, if Concord did not blind us to the new reality. And one may inquire with some justice whether Mr. Brooks and those others ought to complain, from their distance, and with their filmed vision, of the life of common men in our time. Those of us who are in the best position to know the facts testify that common men are better off now than ever before; it is also true that they go about their tasks in different ways. But it cannot be that being better off and working differently has ruined them as artists' raw material. It is just possible that the fault is not in the times but in the artists—and the critics? And should one not, in spite of Mr. Brooks, grant Upton Sinclair something just because of subject matter?

The Soul Enchanted

MOTHER AND SON. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Boyd

THE third volume of the series of four which Romain Rolland has entitled "The Soul Enchanted" has appeared almost simultaneously in France and in America, a fact which would seem to indicate that the author's popularity in this country has not waned, despite some differences of opinion as to the merits of this work compared with "Jean Christophe." The reviewer of the first volume in *The Saturday Review* found "Annette and Sylvie" as unsatisfactory as I found the second, "Summer," and I confess that "Mother and Son" gives me no reason to change my opinion. The war has indelibly marked the author of "The Soul Enchanted."

As if to illustrate why that should be, "Mother and Son" deals with the psychological consequences of the war in France and with the reactions of Annette and her son Marc towards the war and towards each other, under the stimulus of that abnormal period. Romain Rolland's peculiar view of the war has very naturally colored his presentation of the conditions. He dwells with much insistence upon the cruelty and stupidity of the slaughter. He elaborates his descriptions of the moral and physical deterioration which followed the prolonged suffering and strain of those four fateful years, until every possible horror has been mentioned, from incest and homosexuality to the mutilated bodies of grievously wounded soldiers.

Out of all this emerges undoubtedly a picture of France in wartime as a Frenchman might imagine it from Geneva, where Romain Rolland resided, as we know. Characteristically, the one bright spot is the story of how Annette arranged for the escape into Switzerland of a German prisoner who wanted to join his French comrade who is dying at Château d'Oex. The love of these two men for each other is treated with ambiguous sympathy, and one is invited to contemplate the spectacle of the Frenchman, Germain, rouging in order to deceive Franz into believing that he is not so near death as he actually is. Meanwhile, in Paris they believe that Annette is helping a lover, and she manages to get into that relationship, more or less, when Franz has to be consoled for the loss of his friend, but her love hovers peculiarly between passion and motherliness, the latter finally predominating.

Presumably by deliberate intent the same neurotic ambiguity attaches to other passions than this. When young Marc, in his crisis of adolescent disturbance

The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. III. No. 49.
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and revolt, breaks away from his mother's guidance, it is with his aunt Sylvie that he prefers to sow his wild oats. Sylvie, as might be expected of her character, takes the war more lightly than Annette, and her pleasure-loving temperament enables her to float on the stream of life along which Marc is uneasily drifting. In this hectic atmosphere, overcharged with sentiment and with sentimentality, I have great difficulty in feeling profoundly the problems which Rolland so laboriously analyzes.

The truth is that a French novelist's conception of an emancipated woman is always something of a strain on the Anglo-Saxon imagination. It is evident that Rolland wishes to depict in Annette a woman in advance of the average, a personality liberated from conventions, but her surrender, her wallowing in emotion, make her more closely allied to the heroine of "East Lynne" than to the American or English conception of a free woman. If it were not so, there could be no conflict between Marc and herself, since the struggle between them derives essentially from a national, traditional view of family life and the relations of parents and children. Only in a Latin country would Marc hesitate to strike out for himself and to cut loose from his mother's apron-strings.

Romain Rolland, of course, is concerned with his own people, and it is no business of his how the situation which he presents would develop under the pressure of other impulses and traditions. But when characters are suggested as unusual individuals, and one finds them acting and feeling in a manner above which one's conventional suburban neighbor would rise superior, interest and sympathy lag. One turns to find relief from the strange tortures of Annette and Marc to the background and the figures with which it is peopled. Here Rolland takes his revenge for the calumnies with which his countrymen still pursue him. Annette's adventure in smuggling the German prisoner into Switzerland brings her across the path of Clemenceau, who is "the man with the Mongol face," as Lloyd George is "the Welsh boaster." Very skilfully he shows us Clemenceau in a magnanimous mood: he refuses to proceed against Annette. But this magnanimity is, at bottom, contemptible, and Rolland's contempt for Clemenceau is written all over this brief, biting sketch of him.

There also emerges from the book as a whole an expression of disillusionment which was absent from Rolland's writings prior to and during the war. He seems to doubt whether anything can be done to save mankind from its folly, to render the victims of war immune to the methods whereby militarist feeling is engendered. Marc, it is true, goes to hear his unacknowledged father making a patriotic speech, resists the rhetorical pathos of it, and thanks heaven that he is not compelled to call father, this man whose spellbinding has France at his feet. Marc is preparing to resist military service when the Armistice comes, and Annette's precious son escapes the ordeal. Her reflections are characteristically disillusioned:

> Annette heard ascending, in a single harmony, the grief and the sorrow of these destroyed lives, together with the blind exultation of the swarming crowd. All of them, with her, were in the snare of the Illusion, swallowed up in it, with their heads bowed, sunk under the red cloak of the matador. For some it was the flag, the sacred frenzy of patriotism. For others, the flame of faith in the brotherhood of men and in love. And her son, who pretended that he was not deceived by anything, the scorner of illusions of words, was he not the most deluded of all? He was ready to sacrifice himself and her to the chimera of being true in spite of the world. That passion for truth, by far the greatest illusion of all! All were intoxicated by their own visions. They were dreaming!

Yet, immediately after this the volume closes on a note of medieval maternal mysticism.

Francis Grierson died recently in dire poverty in his seventy-ninth year. He had won some distinction in music, art, and philosophy, as well as in writing. He had lectured at many universities and had a wide acquaintance in Europe and the United States. A few days before his death he pawned a watch presented to him by the King of England.

Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, novelist, writer of verse, and playwright, died suddenly on June 21. She was the daughter of Dr. George F. Root, writer of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and other Civil War songs. Mrs. Burnham herself wrote twenty-six novels between 1881 and 1925, the best known being "Jewel," "The Queen of Farrandale," "The Keynote," and "The Inner Flame."

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

VI. (*Concluded*)

BY 1920 things were beginning to quiet down somewhat, a lethargy was growing upon us since Armistice Day. We were not yet officially at peace, of course, not at all, would not be for some time. But hysteria, save about Bolshevism to which the upheaval in Russia had introduced us, was somewhat waning. There were black looks for former Commissioner of Immigration, Frederic C. Howe, and the appointments of Malone and Bullitt. There was the savior, Attorney General Palmer. The "Reds" must go! And meanwhile the League of Nations was coming to the fore. And Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts was being spoken of as having never been defeated for political office and as having settled the Boston police strike, —concerning which last there were two opinions. And mining concessionaires and oil concessionaires were pictured by Rollin Kirby as following Mr. Hearst into Mexico.

But more important even than Colonel Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children," was a book by a young writer named Waldo Frank. He called it "Our America." It had happened that Gaston Gallimard of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and Jacques Copeau of the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, French envoys under the auspices of the French High Commission, had, one evening invited Mr. Frank to explain the United States to them in some sort of document they could take home to their people. "Our America" was the result. It eventually obtained for Waldo a great reputation abroad. His main argument was that we were convinced utilitarians. But he cried, "These clamorous buildings drip energy. This iron world is a tissue of complex human wills. . . . But this delirium of stone, for all its seeming mastery, is but a scum on the energies of men." It sounds a little like Gallic oratory. Certainly Mr. Frank would have quarreled with a contemporary vision of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's. Mr. Cram, the distinguished architect, had written a book on "Walled Towns" and wished to see a return of the monastic spirit displayed in buildings looking like St. John's College, Cambridge, and Warwick Castle, with a fine flowing emblazoned banner over the gateway of each walled town,—and arts and crafts and guilds and all that Chestertonian sort of thing. His was a different idea from Mr. Bouck White's, who soon produced "The Free City," an argument for decentralization with the city-state as a social unit. White was the socialist who had written "The Call of the Carpenter," conveying his economic ideas in sardonic but sentimental fiction.

* * *

Henry Festing Jones produced his memoir of Samuel Butler, 1825-1902, in two volumes, and our own Stuart Sherman, not yet regenerate, did his best to do Butler up brown in a long analysis. Butler survives. Dimly a few became aware of an English woman writer named Virginia Woolf, daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen. Her "The Voyage Out" had first appeared in England in 1915, and it had been followed by "Kew Gardens." She expressed herself as thinking that the greatest novelists in all languages wrote the poorest prose, a heterodox opinion that may have pleased Mr. Dreiser. We had been ere this aware, as I have said, of Rebecca West, the star dramatic critic for the London feminist weekly, *Time and Tide*, who contributed notes on novels to *The New Statesman* and had brilliantly cooked the goose of Ellen Key. Then there was also the puzzling Dorothy Richardson, of "Pilgrimage," "Pointed Roofs," "Backwater," "Honeymoon," and latest "The Tunnel," whose post-impressionist method was a fascinating problem for *littérateurs*. Katherine Mansfield was on the horizon, but hardly visible.

As to Russia in the war and revolution, we had had Hugh Walpole's novel, "The Secret City," our own Jack Reed's fiery account of "Ten Days that Shook the World," and now Arthur Bullard's "The Russian Pendulum," among many. We had perused General Ludendorff's "Own Story" of the War and Jellicoe's tale of "The Grand Fleet." The American Library Association had seen along a great campaign of Books for Soldiers. Joseph Cummings Chase and LeRoy Baldridge had given us portraits and drawings of the men lately "at the front." The testimony of William C. Bullitt (now known as the author of "It Isn't Done") before the Committee of Foreign Relations, concerning his visit to Russia with Lincoln Steffens and Captain Pettit, conditions in Russia, and, more important, the operations of the Peace Delegates at Versailles in their struggles over the League, was causing a sensation.

And we had lately revelled in "The Young Visiters," which was by many attributed to Barrie. It swept the land as more lately A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" has done. Which reminds me of the juvenilia of this period. How many—hold up your hands!—recall Horace Atkisson Wade, aged eleven, the Child Author of Chicago? Horace committed himself in print to the belief that Barrie wrote "The Young Visiters" and that it was "no fair" to Child Authors. Horace himself had drawn plaudits from George Ade and Irvin Cobb. He had published "In the Shadow of Great Peril," had completed "The Heavy Hand of Justice" and was at work on "Tracking the Whiskey Wolves." This was Hilda Conkling's time of debut also, though Hilda was, and remains, a true poet, a beautiful writer. Pamela Bianco appeared, a true artist. Opal Whiteley, also of 1920, was, however,—different. Wasn't she? "The Journal of an Understanding Heart" that had been torn into a thousand pieces in an Oregon lumber camp and had been all very neatly put together again in the offices of Mr. Ellery Sedgwick of *The Atlantic Monthly*, was published as an original diary, and—er—well, it wasn't quite that, as it turned out. Lord Grey wrote an introduction to the English edition of the book.

* * *

And then, "The Younger Generation!" That time was—ah, yes—the time of the inception of "The Younger Generation." "The Younger Generation" were somewhat older than Mr. Horace Atkisson Wade. "The Younger Generation" *was* Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald. At twenty-three Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald was the author of "This Side of Paradise." Scott was almost the Lindbergh of his day in literary circles. He introduced the Jazz Age with a flourishing bow. He exuberated in indubitable talent. Mr. Robert Nathan tiptoed in shyly at about the same time with "Peter Kindred" (Harvard vs. Princeton), and was mislaid for a while in a corner. Mr. Fitzgerald after various auctorial vicissitudes up to the present has come through beautifully with the thorough accomplishment of "The Great Gatsby." Mr. Nathan followed "Peter Kindred" with "Autumn," a rarely beautiful book, and has maintained a high standard ever since. His audience is less than Fitzgerald's but his recognition has steadily grown.

Mr. Paul Rosenfeld was interpreting the new composers. He flashed through the *Seven Arts*, the *Dial*, and the *New Republic*, and into "Musical Portraits." He skewered for us upon a coruscating, jewelled dagger Scriabin, Stravinsky, César Franck, Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mahler, Schoenberg, Sibelius, Loeffler, Ornstein, and Bloch. And we sat down heavily and drew a long, gasping breath. Moussorgsky, he enunciated, was the musical priest of the new world, even as Wagner had been the sign and symbol of the nineteenth century, formal pomp and ceremony, trumpets on a point of war, all that. Scriabin, he explained, fled actual life into ecstasies. Strauss was generally inexpressive.

Then there was the Epstein theory of sculpture and the Einstein theory of Relativity. And then you *were* flat. And then you revived, perhaps, and fell promptly into Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Limbo," in which floated traces of Jules Laforgue and even of Huysmans. But you were completely revived by "The History of Richard Greenow" in that same volume, until you wandered into an art gallery and were shattered into fragments by Joseph Stella's vision of Brooklyn Bridge. Retiring to cloistral solitude you absorbed Mark Twain's oblique bitterness from the pages of Van Wyck Brooks's "Mark Twain." To resuscitate yourself with shock you plunged into Lord Fisher's "Memories" and heard the lightning flashing and the thunder rumbling about Violence being the essence of war. "Modera-

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tion in war is imbecility!" How different from dear Sir Edward Grey's discourse on recreation and the angler's art!

Of course if you would rather discuss the return of the railroads to private ownership and the Plumb plan. . . .

There was "Linda Condon." Hergesheimer had been writing for five years at that time, and his reputation was well established. There was Zoë Akins' play "Déclassée," featuring the last of his mad Varvicks. There was Dean Inge, in London, whom Shaw had just clasped warmly to his breast, even though averring that the Dean's mind was full of ill-digested lumps. There was Amy Lowell on newspaper reviewing and F. P. A.'s answer to Amy Lowell on newspaper reviewing. But, above all, there was "Noa Noa" and the South Seas. This was not the Gauguin we had laughed at in the days of the Armory exhibition, nor was it the Gauguin of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," so redolent of Mr. Harry Franck. This started a landslide. We later heard of Vincent Van Gogh, but the South Seas were the whole idea! Frederic O'Brien, Hall and Nordhoff, Hector MacQuarrie, Safroni-Middleton, and others limned them too delectably. George Biddle painted Tahiti. Everyone was for wearing a "tiare" flower in the right ear, wrapping *himself* in a pareu, or donning *herself* a hula gown, and subsisting solely upon papayos and kava.

Parenthetically, the best joke of 1920, to which we shall belatedly award the prize, was to a drawing by Art Young in a periodical called *Good Morning*. The tired laborer slumping down upon a chair in the kitchen remarked, " 'I Gorry, I'm tired!"

Wife: There you go! You're tired! Here I be astandin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're workin' in a nice cool sewer!

Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" was considered the most important play of the year. Professor Babbitt, of Harvard, came out with "Rousseau and Romanticism," attacking the "ecstatic animality that sets up as divine illumination," and bang went literary idols right and left, Whitman among them. The unseating of the New York Socialist assemblymen stirred up many, and Hughes came out strongly against the principle. Percy Stickney Grant, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, stood out against Bishop Burch, protesting the deportation of radicals on the *Buford*. Giovanni Papini, almost immediately to give us "The Life of Christ," was rumored to us then as the *enfant terrible* of Italy, the modern Aretino. And Mr. H. G. Wells almost solved everything by starting "The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind" in serial parts in England. He hoped it might result in the Federated Government of the World. His associates were Gilbert Murray, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Harry Johnston, and Ernest Barker. He acknowledged indebtedness not only to Winwood Reade of "The Martyrdom of Man" but to Ratzell's "History of Mankind" and to Professor James Harvey Robinson and Professor Breasted. The suggestions of these and others had changed the history on more than three hundred points. There were over a hundred maps and diagrams by F. H. Harrabin and Wells.

In July, 1920, came the Republican nomination of Warren Gamaliel Harding and Calvin Coolidge. Governor Cox, of Dayton, Ohio, was the Democratic nominee. William Marion Reedy, a great and remarkable figure in editorial America died that July, but there seems to be no connection. George H. "Babe Ruth," one time waif in Baltimore, was sold by the Boston Americans to the Yankees for $130,000. Santayana's essay into poetical pragmatism, "Character and Opinion in the United States," was published and Robert Bridges praised it highly in England. Steinach in Vienna reinvigorated old rats and guinea-pigs. Baron Schrenck-Notzing informed us as to teleplasm and ectoplasm, new phenomena of materialization which greatly resembled crumpled tissue and news-paper. But I must leave Clare Sheridan and Margot Asquith until my next instalment.

(*To be continued in a fortnight.*)

"A Historical Sketch of Bookbinding as an Art," by M. K. Dutton, published by the Holliston Mills of Norwood, Mass., gives information that the young collector who is getting interested in bibliography, or the general reader who wants to know something about the bindings of books, will find helpful.

H. G. WELLS CARICATURED

Edmund Dulac's conception of the famous novelist measuring the world for his Outline of History. From the London *Outlook*.

Making the Peace

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS. By the Author of the "Pomp of Power." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $4.

TEN YEARS OF WAR AND PEACE. By ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927. $3.

HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA. By FRANK H. SIMONDS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR
Yale University

THE major factor in Eropean politics during the five years that followed the Paris Peace Conference was of a negative character; namely, the withdrawal of the United States. Whether or not the future historian will rate American intervention in the war as a decisive influence in the overwhelming victory of the Allies, he will inevitably recognize the fact that the peace was made upon the assumption that the United States would continue to participate actively in European affairs. The failure of President Wilson to secure approval of his policies from the Senate, the separate peace with Germany, and the subsequent lack of any official coöperation with European powers in the enforcement of the treaties, had very direct effects. The Treaties of Guarantee disappeared and with them the compromise solution of the problems of French security as arranged at Paris. The Reparations Commission became a mere adjunct of the French Foreign Office. Anglo-French differences, which might have been composed under American mediation, rapidly threatened to develop into an open quarrel. American policy may have been justified by national interest; it is likely, however, that the average American does not appreciate the extent to which that policy affected Europe during this period, and any books that will add to his information are welcome.

The three books under review are of widely differing nature. "Where Freedom Falters" is by Laurence Lyon, who in the "Pomp of Power" five years ago wrote rather sensationally but not altogether unreliably on certain phases of the war and the Peace Conference. This new book is even more discursive and is less informatory. Two-thirds of it deals with aspects of United States policy under such titles as, "The Constitution and Its Makers," "Foreign Policy," "The United States and Canada," "Presidents and Politics," "The United States as Creditor," "Prosperity and Civilization," "The Scales of Justice," "The Flight of Freedom." The character of his criticism is by no means novel and may be summed up in his conclusion that "the United States, with all its riches, with all the qualities both of head and of heart possessed in no scanty measure by its inhabitants will produce no civilization equal to that of Europe for many a long day to come; unless, indeed, we speak a different language, and mean a different thing, when we use the word 'civilization.'" The criticism could be endured more philosophically if it were not expressed in such careless English: he uses the conjunction "while" habitually to introduce an independent clause when it properly should form part of a compound sentence; he misspells Grey of Fallodon (159, 163, 180, 265), James Truslow Adams (135), Philip Snowden (183, 184), Agnes Repplier (298); he confuses Crete with Corfu (274). Historical students of the diplomatic documents now available relative to the crisis of 1914 will by no means agree with Mr. Lyon's thesis that "Germany had prepared so that when no longer able to enforce her ends by threats she might do so by force," which is quite inconsistent with the conclusion of so eminent an authority as Mr. Gooch; nor is the author's assumption of the futility of the House-Grey negotiations of 1916 in accord with the interpretation of the historian, Mr. Mowat, as expressed in his recent "History of European Diplomacy, 1914-1915." But whatever the weakness of Mr. Lyon's historical conclusions, his book is of real value for American readers, since the author's honest distrust of democracy, and especially its illiberal manifestations in the United States, may provide food for useful reflection; and Americans will profit by considering why in certain European circles our idealistic professions, taken in conjunction with our post-war policy, should suggest "an impudence that seems truly startling."

Professor Coolidge's "Ten Years of War and Peace" is a collection of essays, most of which have been published in *Foreign Affairs*. The reprinting is amply justified, for the essays are the product of the finest scholarship and are instinct with sound political philosophy. If Mr. Lyon shows us what Europeans think about us, Professor Coolidge shows us how we ought to think about Europe. The first seven chapters form a chronological sequence, beginning with a study of Russia after the Geneva conference in 1922 and tracing American policy through 1924, and, after a consideration of Germany at the time of Locarno, culminating in an analysis of the existing grouping of nations. "Such combinations mean chances of future conflicts on a gigantic scale. They also suggest possibilities of bringing us one step nearer to a world-wide fusion of international interests." The three final chapters stand apart from the chronological sequence: Europe in North Africa, nationality in the new Europe (written during the war and forecasting the main lines of the ultimate territorial settlement), and the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire.

Mr. Simonds's "How Europe made Peace without America," as the title suggests, is a narrative based upon the failure of Versailles and the success of Locarno. It is the best history thus far published upon the seven troubled years that followed the Peace Conference, and the best book thus far written by Mr. Simonds. The history of day before yesterday is the most difficult to write, for it demands a knowledge of recent facts, which are hard to ascertain, and an absence of political emotion, which is still harder to control. The author in this case has complete command of the facts and his interpretation, while critical, at times to the point of denunciation, is always reasoned. In addition, he has the art to pull together the strings of a confused web of apparently unrelated events so as to make a coherent and frequently dramatic story.

The failure of the Versailles Treaty Mr. Simonds attributes not so much to the actual stipulations laid down in the innumerable clauses, bad as many of these were, as to the spirit in which the Treaty was drafted. This spirit was reflected in a myriad of instances, individually of no consequence but collectively significant, and especially in the "guilt clause."

> The Treaty of Versailles did not fail because of the material clauses, although some are severe and some impossible. It failed because the victors attempted to translate a military victory into terms of moral superiority and to make this alleged superiority a basis for their later treatment of a great people. . . . Locarno did not amend the material clauses, it abolished the moral assumptions. It did not revise the pact of Versailles, but it exercised the spirit.

The Treaty was bound to fail also, Mr. Simonds believes, because of the mutual ignorance of Europe and America. It was framed upon the assumption of American coöperation and assistance, but America, following the same conviction of national interest that led the Europeans to protest the concessions made to Wilson at Paris, refused to pay the price.

Thereafter came the chaos that resulted upon Europe's waiting for American coöperation: German resistance, the Anglo-French quarrel intensified by the honest but rather blundering American diplomacy

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at the Washington Conference, the fiascos of Cannes and Genoa, Poincaré and the invasion of the Ruhr, culminating in the complete bankruptcy of nationalism. Europe was saved, first because she realized that she must save herself without looking to America for political support, and secondly because the public mind had changed. "The people were weary of strife, they were sick of leaders who preached peace but sought it always by violent means." It was this change which made possible the Dawes Plan and provided Ramsay MacDonald with his great opportunity. To MacDonald the author gives (and, the reviewer belives, with complete justification) the credit for the political developments that crystallized the new spirit of Europe in the Locarno Pacts. Through his gift of sympathetic understanding he was able to win the French to a tentative acceptance of a policy of conciliation which made possible the work of Chamberlain, Briand, and Stresemann.

Mr. Simonds in a survey of Europe after Locarno recognizes very real dangers and points out the obvious political limitations of the League of Nations. He concludes, however, and the conclusion is important as coming from so unsentimental an observer, that from 1904 onward

> peoples have given not one but many impressive evidences of their support for policies which envisage conciliation and of their rejection of the men and the methods which lead to conflict. Viewed from a distance it is easy to see Europe unchanged; to believe that the people like the Bourbons before them, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Seen at a close range, however, it is impossible not to feel that, while physical circumstances have changed astonishingly little, the psychological mutations have been almost incalculable. The transformation may be temporary, the new atmosphere may be transient, but today it is the real fact in the European situation. It is the imponderable, and it is expressed in the *drang nach Genf*.

It is all the more pity, he feels, that American ignorance of Europe should hinder the coöperation between the United States and Europe which, based upon the practical interests of each, must ultimately develop. The exigencies of American politics as well as popular indifference to international problems, are to be held responsible, since "American foreign policy is based upon popular estimates of European conditions rather than upon any actual appraisal of existing conditions. All our proposals abroad are addressed to our electorate at home. . . . Thus in recent years it has never been quite possible to escape the disquieting suspicion that, while the American Government continues to cherish the eagle as a domestic symbol, it is to the ostrich that it turns instinctively for an example in all questions of foreign policy."

The Golden Days

THE HOUND-TUNER OF CALLAWAY AND OTHER STORIES. By Raymond Weeks. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. F. Ansley

AMONG metropolitans Raymond Weeks has won honors as a scholar and for public services, but the stories he writes are of rural neighborhoods in America's golden day. That day had begun expressing itself before its passing, and some interpretations that do not caricature or condescend remain, as in "Snow-Bound" and the lyrics of Stephen Foster. In memory and imagination Raymond Weeks still sometimes lives in the golden day, and his stories might be more welcome in it than any other literature made in our time. Robert Browning once had no hope of response from contemporaries or posterity and said that he wrote for men of the past; and William Morris wrote "The Earthly Paradise" in faith that Geoffrey Chaucer would receive it graciously. The varied stories that Raymond Weeks has assembled in his new volume would have enriched many an evening in the homes of America's frontier in the times when the frontier was sought by the courageous and enterprising—not abandoned by them as now. Readers in our time who insist on the convention that those who won our valleys and hills were a peasantry should be warned away from these stories, which seem unaware of the convention; but the stories will rejoice any reader of them who has enough of the American tradition to respond to "Susanna" and "My Old Kentucky Home." Occasionally it seems that the tradition may yet be revived and continued; and if any public should tire of books that are praised as sophisticated, this book will admit them to households in the Old South and along the Overland Trail.

The Bowling Green

The Scheming Kitten

THERE was once a kitten called Pushkin, who was always full of schemes. He was so busy trying to plan things beforehand that you would have said he was not a kitten at all, only a very small cat. He tried to arrange everything so it would happen comfortably and nicely for himself. If a game of croquet was to be played, he managed always to be first at the box where the mallets were kept, so he could get the one with the pink stripe.

If the family were going down to the post office to get the mail, he took care to sit nearest the door of the car, so he could be the one to hop out and open the letter-box. The box was opened by twirling little knobs, like a tiny safe. It was fun to turn them to the right positions and hear them click, then swing back the glass door and take out the letters. Sometimes in the box was a yellow card that said CALL FOR PACKAGE TOO LARGE FOR BOX. Then he purred, because this often meant a surprise, a present of some sort from a grandmother or an aunt. He stood on tiptoe below the window and mewed gaily until Mrs. Breen, the friendly postmistress, heard him and came to see who it was. She could only see his ears and the pink tip of his nose, so she lifted the railing and looked out.

"Oh, hullo Pushkin," she said. "I thought I recognized your mew. Is everybody well at your house? Yes, there's a package. Please jump up here on the shelf and sign for it."

The other kittens would have enjoyed doing all this too, but somehow it was always Pushkin who had planned it beforehand and was the first one out of the car. It was like that with almost everything that happened. Pushkin had thought out what was coming and had made his own plans. I am not saying this is a bad thing. Perhaps it is wise. But I think he carried it too far. Sometimes he almost believed he was the only kitten in the world. He never thought that there had been millions of kittens before, and would still be millions of kittens hereafter.

* * *

In his usual habit of studying what was going on and deciding how it could be arranged to his own advantage, Pushkin had noticed a can of herrings on top of the icebox. That meant there would be herrings for breakfast tomorrow, and all afternoon he had that on his mind. One can of herrings is not very much among several hungry cats, and those who got down to table first would probably get the fattest share. So the question was, how to plan things so that he would be there a little ahead of the others.

There was one thing they were very strict about in that family, and that was the cleaning of teeth. In the bathroom each kitten had its own mug and toothbrush, and so that they could not forget their father had drawn a picture of a very healthy-looking cat brushing its teeth. This picture was on the wall, and below it was written

DO NOT FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH, BEFORE, BEHIND, AND UNDERNEATH.

Sometimes, when their father and mother went to the bathroom to clean their own teeth, they would even feel the kittens' brushes to make sure they had been used. If the brushes did not feel damp, the kittens were sent upstairs again right away, to do the job properly.

Pushkin's idea, which he did not mention to anyone, was that if he cleaned his teeth specially well that night he could go without brushing them in the morning. Then he would get down to breakfast a little before the others and have first go at the herring.

So when he went to bed he gave his mouth an extra good scrub. On the bathroom shelf there was a tube different from the usual toothpaste. Always full of ideas about things, Pushkin decided that this must be some specially good toothpaste reserved for his parents. So he used it liberally. It did not taste quite like the paste he was accustomed to, but it made his teeth very white and he went to bed quite contented. He snuggled down under the covers, purred to himself a little while, and then he was asleep. He rested soundly and dreamed about fish.

* * *

Now it was morning, one of those bright mornings when everything feels perfect and your legs are full of running. Rhododendrons were in flower under the dining room windows, the trees were chirruping with bird-song, and all round the house was the beautiful smell of cooked herrings and a noise of purrs. The father and the mother cat sat at the ends of the table, and already the other kittens were guzzling their share, but there was no sign of Pushkin. Then a queer moaning sound was heard on the stairs, and he rushed into the room. He was a sight. His eyes were wild and green, his fur stood on end, his tail was puffed up with fright. He could not seem to speak, only utter a dreadful yowling. He rushed madly round and round the table until they thought he must have a fit. For that does happen to kittens sometimes, when they first discover how very exciting it is to be alive.

But there was something so desperate in Pushkin's behavior that they knew it was serious. His mother sprang from her chair and rushed after him. Three times she chased him round the table, until the other kittens were tempted to join the wild pursuit. But the herring was too good, and they stayed where they were. His mother seized him at last and looked at him.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "His teeth are clenched tight together! He can't open his mouth, he must have lockjaw. Telephone for Dr. Jessup!"

But his father, examining closely, saw a kind of hard white glue that was sticking Pushkin's teeth together. The scheming kitten had cleaned his teeth with a tube of very strong cement that had been left in the bathroom when his father mended a broken soap-dish. They got his mouth open presently, with hot water and a screwdriver, but by that time the other kittens had finished the herrings. They tried not to purr while they ate, but they could not help it. Pushkin, his sharp teeth stuck fast, sat watching them, and his eyes were full of angry tears.

Christopher Morley.

A Modern Idyll

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By Stephen Graham. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

"MIDSUMMER MUSIC" is a moral holiday. Its color, its melody, and its gay irresponsibility are not to be denied. Stephen Graham has allowed himself time off from the graver aspects of life and has given us an idyll of Dalmatian midsummer madness. It is a very modern idyll wherein, if they laugh and love night-long, the nymphs hurry of a morning back to their type-writers, and where a subtle never-relaxing blood-antagonism flows darkly through all encounters and caresses. There is practically no story to be told. An Englishman, a middle-aged Shakespearian scholar, goes to Kastella for quiet in which to work. He is drawn into a circle of young, pleasure-loving Dalmatians, and he nibbles at the forbidden fruit and finds it very sweet indeed. At last, as naturally and inevitably as it had opened to him the circle closes against him. He wisely does not continue to besiege it, but leaves, a secret sweetness in his veins, for England, home, and duty. The book throughout is so true to its *genre*, so consistently carnival, that it is something of a surprise on closing it to realize its technical perfection. "Midsummer Music," in a very much lighter key, gives us to know an alien people almost as completely as does "A Passage to India." Here are individuals functioning after an integrity of their own under motivation utterly foreign to Anglo-Saxonry: with virtues which are not our virtues, and vices which are not our vices, and yet in the vitality of their being shaming our lethargic acceptance of the Nordic superiority complex. Spandin, Ante Resich, and Slavitska will not leave you when you leave their story. They are all of them, too, individuals enjoying an existence seemingly independent of author and reader alike. "Midsummer Music" is another novel come to swell the growing ranks of romantic realism or realistic romance. Christopher Robin's friend, Eey-ore, would sum it up in a sentence. "Gayety and dance," he would say, "if it is," he would say, "which I doubt."

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Books of Special Interest

Popular Biology

ESSAYS IN POPULAR SCIENCE. By JULIAN HUXLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY J. KUNKEL
Lafayette College

THE author of these essays comes by his literary style and intellectual ability naturally from both his parents. His mother is the daughter of Matthew Arnold and his father is the son of Thomas Huxley. Julian Huxley's name must be added to the list of literary members of these two families. Besides literary skill, however, the author inherits from his paternal grandfather an energy which is tireless and drives him into a great number of enterprises of all kinds. Besides, his enthusiasm is contagious so that the reader of these essays cannot fail to be impressed with the importance and fascination of the biologist's field.

Most of the essays included in this volume have appeared elsewhere—one of them in this review—but four, including the two longest, are here published for the first time. It might be more appropriate to call these essays popular biology instead of popular science for practically all have a decidedly biological slant. The essay on Thomas Huxley and Religion and that on Evolution and Purpose are indicative of the philosophical turn of mind which again would seem to be an inheritance from his grandfather.

The great bulk of the essays have to do with the phase of biology which has been making especially great advances in the last quarter of a century, namely experimental embryology, the application of the experimental method to the developing individual.

Biology is rapidly emerging from the purely descriptive phase which characterized it so completely in the earlier days. The earliest application of the experimental method to biology was that of William Harvey, by which he demonstrated the circulation of the blood, and from that time the physiologist has resorted to experiment very generally not only for the purpose of determining how the bodily processes go on normally, but also under conditions which are modified by the experimenter. The field of embryology, however, was left to the descriptive embryologists for nearly three-quarters of a century before the experimenters began to determine the course of development of the egg under controlled conditions. Since the time that this branch of biology had its beginning many of the processes of development have been altered by changing the circumstances under which they go on so that a definite control of this important process has been effected.

The effort, of course, is to determine the part which each factor of the environment and each previous developmental change plays in determining the succeeding ones. For example, the experimenter endeavors to find out what part the pull of gravity has on the early development of the frog's egg which normally always floats with its yolk side downward. The eggs are placed in a piece of apparatus which keeps them turning constantly over and over so that the direction of the gravitational pull is equalized in all directions with respect to the egg. It may be added parenthetically that the eggs develop apparently perfectly normally in spite of this unusual treatment. Experiments which have yielded rather more positive results are such as Professor Stockard has performed so successfully on developing fish eggs in which fish are produced according to plan with a single eye in the middle of the head like the mythical Cyclops of Homeric times, or those exceedingly significant experiments on tadpoles in which a single meal of thyroid substance has stopped growth but hastened development so that tiny frogs no larger than flies have developed in weeks from eggs that normally would have been months in reaching the same stage and would have attained many times the size. Indeed, the vistas opened up by the experimenter in embryology are as alluring to the imagination as some of the most fantastic fairy tales and the achievements in the laboratory rival those of Iolanthe who taught the plump fairy queen to curl up in a buttercup and dive into a dew drop. The romance of these problems of the control of development is most fascinatingly related in the essays on The Tadpole and The Frog and Biology.

The science of experimental embryology is still young and there are enormous gaps in our knowledge of the mechanics of development which seem almost insoluble, but so great have been the advances thus far made that it may not be beyond the power of the imagination to picture the time when animals may be forced by appropriate stimuli or treatment to develop into the kind of creature desired. Certainly the experimental method has furnished the tools which may enable the biologist to control development as the experimental method has enabled the chemist to manipulate chemical compounds to yield the compounds which he desires.

Quiet Poems

GRENSTONE POEMS. By WITTER BYNNER. (A Revised Edition). With an Introduction by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

MR. BYNNER'S sequence has been revised and, partly rewritten, not without some additions, for this new edition to which Mr. Edgar Lee Masters writes a largely irrelevant preface. The collection is characterized by a persistent mildness of feeling, conception, and execution. Very often the reader is left with a feeling that butter would not melt in the poet's mouth. This is not merely that Mr. Bynner turns a somewhat stooping back upon the current verse conventions of noise and violence. Although he writes in a quiet and self-contained manner, with his eyes trained on a larger field of poetry than is spanned by the glances of many a better known compeer, his softness is not to be laid to the charge of an influential nineteenth century tradition. Rather let it be traced to a lack of virile fibre in his emotional and intellectual make-up. Little else—certainly not his command of the poetic instrument—can account for the lack of intensity in his verse.

Look me in the face, Tom,
Give me your hand to shake!
I saw you run your race, Tom,
And I saw the sudden break
Bring hot upon your forehead
The anger asking why:
And there were more who saw it,
Others as well as I.

This is the feeblest kind of imitation of Mr. A. E. Housman, whose diminished tone is often to be heard through Mr. Bynner's pages. There is no muscle in the stanza. Mr. Bynner has chosen to write that kind of verse wherein originality can only be achieved by a poet's ability to superimpose a distinctive *tone* (e. g., the tone of "A Shropshire Lad," or of Mr. Robert Frost) upon more or less familiar patterns of thought and meaning. He has been required to solve the Tennysonian rather than the Browningesque problem. Such distinctiveness as he has achieved falls short of the plane where unmistakable individuality begins. His work is patently well-felt and not ill-wrought. To doubt his essential sincerity, his determination to make and not to fake poetry, would be the worst kind of critical error. Mr. Bynner's weakness is to be accounted for (if such a distinction may be allowed a momentary validity) by what he brings, not by what he gives to his work, by his equipment, not his achievement. For practical purposes, of course, the results are to be considered as one and the same thing. Here a distinction has been made only to emphasize the culminating objection to Mr. Bynner's work. He throws his stone in the right direction, but it never falls on the farther side of the stream. His arm lacks strength: witness a typical poem, "Mercy"—

He took your coat away?
Then go and fold
Your cloak around him too—
Lest he be cold.

And if he took from you
Your daily bread,
Offer your heart to him—
That he be fed.

And if you gave him all
Your life could give,
Give him your death as well—
That he may live.

Is there not in his way of expressing these charitable sentiments some quality (defying description though not recognition) that sentimentalizes the whole conception of Mercy and leaves the reader, as it were after a performance of the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice" gaping in the lobby of the local Y. W. C. A.? Shakespeare and the New Testament are at the bottom of the Dead Sea. The spirit is weak though the flesh be willing. Something is wrong somewhere. And that something recurs constantly in "Grenstone Poems."

A New Republic

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The Land of an Unconquerable Ideal. By JESSIE MOTHERSOLE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by LUCY E. TEXTOR
Vassar College

THE author of this volume tells us in her preface that she wishes to awaken a sympathetic interest in the ideals of this people, to show that in the past they were "pioneers on the upward path of humanity and that in the present the same spirit is at work among them." The first part of her book is devoted to an epitome of their history. In the very nature of the case, so condensed an account must leave something to be desired. That Miss Mothersole is herself aware that many of her transitions are abrupt is evident from the fact that she makes frequent use of asterisks to indicate omissions. It is greatly to her credit that she has packed so much excellent subject matter in such brief compass and that her emphasis is for the most part well placed.

With the birth of the Czechoslovak Republic in the autumn of 1918 came new responsibilities and problems and to these Miss Mothersole devotes several chapters. It is evident that she knows a great deal about present-time conditions, but now and then her knowledge does not strike bottom. For instance, she makes a statement which though literally true carries with it an implication unjust to the Germans living there. She says that they were invited to coöperate in forming the government of the new state but that they were by no means ready to do so. It should be remembered that they could not have taken part in this work without damaging themselves in the eyes of Germany in whose boundaries they hoped to be included. At this time it was not yet settled to what country they were to belong. Similarly, in speaking of the new constitution, Miss Mothesole tells us that it is the most progressive that exists and that it provides greater safeguards for the rights of minorities than are demanded by the Minorities Treaty under the League of Nations, but she does not seem to understand that the minorities are placed under a great disadvantage by the system of government. A coalition of the five principal parties in which every member must vote as his party dictates leaves the groups not in the coalition quite powerless.

In the second half of the book, the author describes her travels. She covered thousands of miles in Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, and sub-Carpathia. Some of the places she visited, particularly in the eastern portion of the country, are little known to the outside world; others sound new and strange to us simply because we do not recognize them by their Czech names. Thus Bratislava means nothing to many an average reader for whom Pressburg would have a certain content. Miss Mothersole's consistent use of Czech names is wholly logical and the time is not far distant when they will be generally known. Meanwhile, we are grateful to her for her occasional reference to the German name in the text and for always indicating it in the index. It should be said that for one who carefully studies the note immediately preceding the text the pronounciation of Czech words need have no terrors.

Czechoslovakia is unusually rich in places of historic interest. Miss Mothersole couples with her description of a castle or a church an account of what happened there in the past. And in all of her narratives, she emphasizes the human element. Her illustrations add a delightful touch to the book which is an honest and sympathetic study of the history and the manners and customs of a people whose government already plays an important part in the counsels of the world.

The Bookman's Journal is producing on behalf of Mrs. Conrad a selection of some thirty-six unpublished letters of the great novelist written to his wife. They comprise nearly the whole of the correspondence that ever passed between them. These intimate letters, not included in "Life and Letters," cover the period when Conrad was in the North Sea with the British Navy, and also when he made his visit to America in 1923, and it is said that they form a very interesting group of letters. These letters will be published in a limited edition of 220 copies, signed by Mrs. Conrad, of which 200 will be for sale at two guineas each. To add to the personal nature of the publication the names of all subscribers will be added at the end of the book.

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Books of Special Interest

Christian Writings

THE LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE: Being all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, His Apostles and their companions not included, by its compilers, in the Authorized New Testament; and the recently discovered Syriac MSS. of Pilate's Letters to Tiberius, etc. Translated from the original tongues. New York: Alpha Publishing Company. 1926.

Reviewed by EDGAR J. GOODSPEED
Chicago University

THE past half-century has witnessed the investigation and organization of early Christian literature, so that now many ancient works that were once mere curiosities of literature have assumed significance and intelligibility. It has also seen the writing of the history of the New Testament canon, of which the history of Christian literature was a necessary preliminary. These two achievements have become part of the furniture and background of the modern mind.

This is why the "Lost Books of the Bible" strikes us as out of tune. It shows no knowledge of the new organization of Christian literature, or of the well-understood history of the formation of the New Testament. And for the best of reasons, for it was written a life-time before these researches were made. It has no idea of the significance or value of the ancient books it presents, and is quite unaware that they have all been fitted accurately into the history of early Christian life and thought. The little introductions with which it prefaces some of the books are really pathetic, in the light of the present state of knowledge about them.

But without intelligent historical introductions to show the place of each in the progress of Christian thought, what is the Protevangelium of James, or the Gospel of Nicodemus to the modern reader? They are about as incomprehensible as an unexplained scarab or fossil. One is a product of the controversies of the second and third centuries, the other of those of the fourth. To have any meaning, each must be read in the light of its times and circumstances. To offer the reader documents of the fourth century and of the first promiscuously huddled together without explanation or understanding, is like stripping a museum of its labels, mixing the contents up, and then inviting the stranger in, to make anything of it that his fancy may suggest.

No study is more emancipating than that of the formation of the New Testament canon, but no study has more need of the utmost candor and the fullest and best information that research can give. Neither of these needs is in any way met by the "Lost Books." It is of no more use than a hundred-year-old book on medicine or banking or photography would be for those subjects.

* *

For this book has been a long time in the making. It was begun by William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he published his English translation of the Apostolic Fathers in 1693, and continued in his fourth edition of 1737. By that time the diligent archbishop, without knowing it, had finished one-half of the "Lost Books of the Bible." Meanwhile one Jeremiah Jones in 1736 published his "New and Full Method of Settling the Canonical Authority of the New Testament," and thereby unconsciously completed the other half of the "Lost Books."

The two halves had still to be fitted together. This was neatly done by William Hone in 1820 under the engaging title "The Apocryphal New Testament." William wrote some short introductions, and a preface to his first edition, and another to his second, of 1821. All of his first preface and most of his second appear at the beginning of the "Lost Books of the Bible," but nothing is said about where they came from. Yet it is Hone's book, picked up from some second-hand counter and reprinted, that is now masquerading as the "Lost Books of the Bible." This change of name puts a very different face on the book, and reveals the publishers' fundamental delusion,—that every early Christian writing, together with some that were far from early, belongs in the New Testament.

It must not be supposed that the republishers of Hone's book, now just a hundred and seven years old, have added nothing at all of their own. There are in the first place the numerous and entertaining misprints, some of them of a high order. Thus the rare and difficult Latin word "et" is repeatedly represented by a parenthesis—is followed by a capital I. It would be unfair to ask the publishers to translate this combination, but we would like to know how they pronounce it. In a list of "Lost Writings," one's eye is caught by the "Gospel of Titan,"—a promising title, truly, and one turns eagerly to the corresponding page of Hone's "Apocryphal New Testament" for more light. In Hone the work appears as the "Gospel of Titian"; but on looking up his reference in Eusebius, it turns out to be nothing but the Gospel of Tatian, after all. Tatian—Titian—Titan! Out of such stuff Titans are made. And besides, Tatian's Gospel, the Diatessaron, is no longer lost, for it was discovered and published at Rome in 1888.

The New York publishers have also introduced in one edition the so-called Letters of Herod and Pilate, which of course have not the slightest actual connection with Herod or Pilate. They might almost as well have included the American contribution to this field, the letter to Tiberius produced in Missouri in the early 'eighties, and ending with matchless naïveté, "Your Most Obedient Servant, Pontius Pilate." Still later forms of the book contain also the well-known fragment of the Gospel of Peter, a really ancient work, from about the middle of the second century. To describe it as the work of "an eye-witness of the crucifixion," however, is sheer salesmanship, and nothing else. It is based on the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as a few minutes' study of it will show.

* *

But if these works are added, why not others? The title promises us all the pieces attributed in the first four centuries to the apostles and their companions. Where, then, is the "Revelation of Peter," which a series of startling discoveries has given back to us? No book here has a better claim to a place in any ancient New Testament than it. We have it now in full. Why is it absent from a collection of all the pieces anciently attributed to the apostles? Where is the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a work far older and more important than most of these, and happily discovered in 1875? Where is the recently discovered "Epistle of the Apostles"? Where is the "Acts of Paul"? Our New York publishers have not heard of its discovery. All they know of it is the stray chapter about Paul and Tecla.

Yet the preface boldly begins, "You will find between these covers all the ecclesiastical writings of early Christian authorities that are known to exist, and yet were omitted from the authorized New Testament." There are two faults with this statement; first, such writings are not all here; and, second, most of those that are here no one in the world ever thought of putting into the New Testament. The contents of the New Testament did indeed vary importantly with different individuals and in different districts in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, but the tracing of its variations is not furthered by such rough, blundering statements as this.

Not only do the contents of this book fall far short of the pretensions of its subtitle, (which of course is simply lifted from Hone's book of 1820), but what it does contain has been completely antiquated by the advance of learning. It is obsolete. We might as well go back to cupping and bleeding when we are sick, or travel to Boston by stage-coach or to Europe by sailing-ship. Its publishers and promoters are moving about in worlds not realized,—still groping in the period of Archbishop Wake and Jeremiah Jones, under the vague impression that nothing has been learned about early Christian literature in two hundred years. One might as well profess ignorance of the postal system, and go hunting about for someone to carry a letter for him to Washington.

* *

Elated by their success in rechristening Hone's "Apocryphal New Testament" the "Lost Books of the Bible," its promoters are now announcing it as the "Suppressed Books of the Bible." But in what possible sense have these books been suppressed? Most of them never had a place in any form of the Bible. Half of them are simply the perfectly well-known Apostolic Fathers, after the New Testament itself the most famous and familiar collection of Christian literature in the world. So far from suppressing them, the ancient church canonized the supposed authors of most of them, and modern churchmen and scholars have done their utmost to make them known. Bishop Lightfoot spent years in perfecting his famous editions and translations of them, and in his will provided for the continued circulation of them after his death, only to have them presently heralded over a continent as the "Suppresed Books of the Bible"! For these publishers to pretend that they are now disclosing something that Christian learning has neglected or overlooked is preposterous, and to claim to do it in the spirit of modern science is the height of absurdity. The "Lost Books of the Bible," with all its publicity, is simply the denial of modern science. Its idea that nothing has been learned about the Bible is analogous in this field with the prohibition of the teaching of evolution, in the field of physical science. Both distrust the human mind.

* *

As a matter of fact, all these books have been repeatedly worked over by scholars in the field of Christian literature. A series of brilliant discoveries has given us more complete texts of some of them, known to this book only as fragments, and revealed others of greater importance, which are entirely absent from it. When this book was written, First Clement was known only in one defective Greek manuscript; there was not even one ancient translation. The complete Greek text was discovered by Bryennius at Constantinople in 1875; a Syriac version at Paris in 1876, a Latin version at Namur in 1894, and a Coptic version in Egypt in 1907. In these circumstances, what shall be said of reprinting a seventeenth-century translation, made before any complete text of the work had been found, and blazoning it forth in the name of modern science? Similar discoveries have long since given us the full Greek text of Second Clement, which the "Lost Books" gravely presents minus its last eight chapters, or nearly half the work.

The editors have embellished Hone's title page with the phrase "Translated from the Original Tongues," probably under the influence of the King James Version, and under the impression that it would give a fine Biblical tone to the work. But unfortunately it is not quite so applicable here. These translations of Barnabas, Polycarp, and Hermas, not to mention others, were made before those works had been discovered in the original tongues. The first complete text of Barnabas in the original Greek was found by Tischendorf on Mount Sinai in 1859, and he sat up all that night to copy it, so as to make certain of it for scholarship. This was long after Wake, Jones, and Hone had finished writing the "Lost Books of the Bible." In 1855 the first Greek text of Hermas was found on Mount Athos, covering all but the last tenth of it. The Ann Arbor papyrus of Hermas, dating from about A.D. 250, covers part of the missing tenth. But with all this, which is of course unknown to the "Lost Books of the Bible," it is not yet possible to translate all of Hermas or of Polycarp "from the original tongues," as the "Lost Books" so lightly claims to do. If its editors really have the full texts of these works in the original tongues, will they be good enough to tell us where they are? Modern scholarship has ransacked the libraries of the Old World to find them.

* *

It is hardly worth while to go further with a book so careless and irresponsible as this. Its patristic information is obsolete. Its picture of the formation of the New Testament is a grotesque caricature. Its effort to connect it with the Council of Nicæa is an old superstition, now happily outgrown. It would deserve no attention were it not that its absurd claims have been taken seriously by more than one leading magazine. The very books it professes to discover are everywhere accessible in intelligent up-to-date translations by such scholars as Professor Lake of Harvard ("The Apostolic Fathers," 1913), and Provost James of Eton ("The Apocryphal New Testament," 1924). It is in every way desirable that these remains of early Christian literature should be read and understood today in the best forms which scholarship has to offer; if only to remind us by contrast of the moral grandeur and religious genius that characterizes the New Testament.

One would have more patience with the book if its printers told us frankly that they were just reprinting a work of 1820. We do not expect them to know where Hone got his book, or even that he was the editor of it. But they cannot be unaware that they are reprinting a work a full century old. Hone's book was not a good one to begin with, and reprinted after a hundred years of serious progress in the field it relates to, it becomes an absurdity. Works of the first, second, third, and fourth centuries are jumbled indiscriminately; the publishers do not know one from another and suppose no one does. And this is the tragic fact that this book has revealed: some of our leading weeklies, monthlies, and publicists know no better. The great progress made in a hundred years in the study of this early Christian literature is utterly unknown to them. They know nothing of the work of Tischendorf, Lightfoot, Harnack, Rendel Harris, Schmidt, and Montague James. The striking discoveries of lost works of primitive Christian literature that have been made and the modern organization and investigation of all this literature in the past fifty years have missed them entirely. It has all gone completely over their heads.

And if this is in fact the state of the public mind, perhaps this old book, a full century behind the sound learning of today, may at least inform the general reader that there was an early Christian literature, some real knowledge of which is indispensable to an intelligent view of the rise and history of the New Testament itself.

People and a House

IN SUCH A NIGHT. By BABETTE DEUTSCH. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"IN SUCH A NIGHT" is worked out so carefully, so skilfully, that it seems a pity the book should reach no higher level than it does. Here is an inviting theme, a clever method, a firmly-directed prose. A young couple gives a house-warming: the husband is a successful young materialist, the wife a charming, not entirely unintelligent woman; the guests are an infatuated painter in love with his hostess, a rake, a young girl craving and fearing contact with "life," a young woman who gives birth to a child during the evening, a sceptic, an actress who once had an affair with the host, and various supers who create the impression of numbers at the house-warming. With this cast the possibilties are as many as the arrangement of six people around a dinner-table.

But Miss Deutsch has unfortunately failed to do the two things most important to her story: she hasn't made the house-warming really alive, and she hasn't made it significant. Her method is to see the party through the eyes of each guest in turn, alternating them with the observations, emotions, and thoughts of her chief character, Leonard Hogarth, who is in love with his hostess Pauline. And each character sees all the others, thinks thoughts plausible enough to seem acceptably his own, and gives way to the next. But each character survives, if at all, as something like a dead mentality. All of Leonard Hogarth's emotions toward his hostess, culminating in his attempt to seduce her; all the excitement created by the birth of Evelyn Mayne's child; all the hostility rising toward a climax between Pauline's lover and Pauline's husband does not, it seems to me, quite transform this mental deadness into an atmosphere of life. People live for minutes, the house lives for minutes, then they settle back into an appearance of reality which is a matter of the surface only.

And what significance have these people? They survey one another, they survey themselves, but without freshness, without penetration, without uniqueness; you are willing to admit that what they do is plausible and understandable, but not that it is stimulating to the mind, or responsive to the emotions, or compensating to your sense of humor. If they were pointed out to you, you might recognize them; but you could never recognize them by yourself. They do not hold your interest. Pauline, after a time, grows obvious; her husband has some force but no actual individuality; Leonard is something between the pitiable and the ridiculous.

All these criticisms are made with better books in mind, books that count; for in view of its intelligence, its artistic integrity, its frequent skill, Miss Deutsch's novel at least deserves to be judged by high standards. It certainly stands outside the class of popular, meretricious novels whose realism is a foreplanned compromise and whose reach is well within their author's grasp. This book attempts something which the discriminating reader would find worth his attention. It comes close, perhaps, to succeeding, but in the sense of "a little more, and yet what worlds away!" It is the intention which one applauds in Miss Deutsch's book, not the result.

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French Poet: New Style

By Ludwig Lewisohn

FROM the most representative of the new anthologies of modern French verse the name of Verlaine has been omitted. Was his form too fixed or his Catholicism too simple-hearted? Régnier is omitted too. Of the symbolists only Mallarmé, Rimbaud, and Maeterlinck remain. All the others are outside of the tradition of the truly modern spirit. The line of that spirit is Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Lautréamont, Charles Cros, Germain Nouveau. And what is that modern spirit? Deliverance from verbalism, from the slavery of words. "Words, syntax, sense become definitively the slaves of poetry." I move about among these notions and schools very tentatively: "Fantaisistes," "unanimistes," "simultanéistes," "Cubistes," "dadaistes," "surréalistes." I am a rank outsider. I become immensely aware of that when I read, among these founders of all the latest movements, the poems of the Comte de Laurréamont. "Old ocean, you are so powerful that men have learned it at their own expense. In vain do they employ all the resources of their genius . . . incapable of dominating you. They have found their master." No, I have not made that up nor turned poetry into journalese. My version is precisely like the original. "Vieil océan, tu es si puissant, que les hommes l'ont appris à leurs propres dépens. Ils ont beau employer . . ." And so on. Is this then a deliverance from verbalism? Or is it to be found in Laforgue: "Lainages, caoutchoucs, pharmacie, rêve . . . ?" Perhaps. And whither does it tend? "J'écarte l'eloquence," declares M. Jean Cocteau. But so, in different words did Verlaine. Of course M. Cocteau goes farther. He depends for his formless form on his subconscious mind, and I must try to render a brief specimen from his early and extraordinarily interesting "Ebauche d'un Art Poétique."

I premeditate no architecture
Simply
deaf
like thee **Beethoven**

blind
like thee
Homer
innumerable ***old man***

born everywhere

I work out
in the prairies of interior
silence

But is this kind of writing without architecture? Has not a very subtle and aware mind been busy even with the typographical arrangement? Above all, was Beethoven deaf in the sense insinuated here? Was the composer of the Ninth Symphony and of the last string quartets not rather the ear with which, to vary Shelley a little, the universe heard and knew itself? Then is not M. Cochteau merely playing with loose metaphors?

No, I am no mere praiser of time past and I know very well both that M. Cocteau is an extremely gifted man and that he has long ceased writing in the manner of the verses I have quoted. What I am concerned with is a tentative diagnosis of himself and his generation. He was born in 1892; he fought in the war; the other day he announced himself a Catholic—if not of the type of Claudel, then of the type of Péguy. He started out with Satie, the music-halls, Picabia, and Picasso; science was a cold frenzy to him. He flew with Garros. I have a vision of him: the cold glow of an electric bulb in his precocious brain. Is it any wonder that he is a Catholic? From intoxication to intoxication has been his course. Will he ever touch sobriety?

He started out with the day, the hour, the minute, wholly at the mercy of the illusions of the tangible.

voici les rag-times enormes
les courts-circuits.

Even amid these tangible things he was not selective. "Mains d'ectoplasme et poulpes d'ombre." And then

Des chromatismes
jamais vus
empêchent
la tuberculose.

A fact of enormous importance. But the fact is not literature. Only its repercussion upon the soul. Amid the cold crackle of Tentative d'Évasion, the technical pirouettes, the cerebral antics, there are shy moments in which the poet in M. Cocteau struggles for breath. The poet is promptly throttled. The terror of *vieux jeu* is too imminent. The result?

J'ai mal d'être homme comprenez vous.

No wonder. Aeroplanes, hangars, Pullmans, gangrene, chloroform, cinematographes, Underwoods, locomotives, Gulf Stream, Esquimos, rubber, aluminum. More flights of and with Garros. Flights south

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Marseille Messine 5 jours

And always from time to time amid these icy and calculated ravings the involuntary note of the poet:

Soudain la note Melisande
trouant la voûte
et le silence
entre chez Dieu
pur jet d'eau.

The note is repeated, the violences are soothed, and the stridency softened in the "Discours du Grand Sommeil." These are poems of the war written during the war. "Translated from what? From that dead speech, from that dead land in which my friends are dead." Beautiful things these poems, gentle yet strong, disillusioned from the first concerning that "epidemic of crime," warm-hearted, civilized:

How do you expect me, Amette,
to hate the Germans?
Tuesday night the fusiliers
of the listening-post at Mamelon-Vert
invited two Germans over
so that they could play at cards.
The admiral condemns them to death.

Personally I do not see in what respect this differs from prose. But that old quarrel need not be reawakened. For very soon thereafter—and in this respect, too, M. Cocteau is symbol and type—music, first faint, then more definite begins to invade his verse. Very faint and child-like and pseudo-primitive at first:

Fais moi un peu m'habituer,
a ce que mon pauvre ami Jean soit tué.

But soon in the Poésies (1920) the music grows fuller, the throw-backs to the old delusion of hard discord and mere breathless speed grow rarer. In Plain-Chant (1923) M. Cocteau has definitively joined the great tradition of poetic form and ends upon an alexandrine of strictly classic contour:

Arrache ce laurier qui me coupe la peau.

What, meantime, has been the development of his substance? Toward conceits, toward sheer Marinism—toward that escape into the little, the curious, the far-fetched which has been, save for a few isolated ecstatic hymns, the refuge of Catholic poets from Crashaw to John Bannister Tabb.

Dans le bocage de mes os,
Dans l'arbre bleu de mes artères,
Si mal réunis sur la terre.
Melez-vous, fleurs, poissons, oiseaux,

Nor do we have to wait long for the more specific Catholic note of a treatment of the supernatural through the fancy:

La nuit d'Avril est votre prie-Dieu, Sainte-Vièrge

Soon we come upon conceits applied to the roccoco vision of the classical; we seem to be in the very midst of the "metaphysical" poets at their most far-fetched, when M. Cocteau epigrammatizes Narcissus:

Celui qui dans cette eau séjourne
Démasque, vécut s'intriguant.
La mort, pour rire, le rétourne
A l'envers, comme un doigt de gant.

Then appear poems directly addressed to the Virgin and we no longer believe M. Cocteau when he says that the jazz-band drum is his violin. It is a mere intrusion of a self long dead. We do believe him when, for a moment, he abandons his conceits to be plaintive and conscious of sin:

Je n'ai plus, d'être heureux, ni l'espoir, ni l'envie,

and when, in true Baudelairien and Catholic fashion, he mingles the perverse with the devotional:

Mais l'ange gardien qui casse nos poupées,
A des ailes aussi comme une demoiselle.

In Plain-Chant the music becomes more and more sonorous, the substance in itself more human, but the treatment, the conceits, and contortions of the fancy more violent and outrageous:

Notre entrelacs d'amour a des lettres ressemble,
Sur un arbre se mélangeant;
Et, sur ce lit, nos corps s'entortillent ensemble,
Comme à ton nom le nom de Jean.

What is Donne's compass to that? Can it be that this seventeenth centuryish Catholic poet was, a few short years ago, the mad Dadaist who flew with Garros?

In his verse M. Cocteau asks us to believe that the change in him was an unconscious one. "If my way of singing is not the same here, alas, I cannot help it. I always suffer when I am writing for a poem, and take what comes to me." But in his recent volume of essays, "Le Rappel à L'Ordre," he has admirably rationalized and explained his abandoning of his first manner: "To say, 'let us be modern' is senseless. . . . It is absurd to try to make poetry modern by confounding the letter and the spirit and to overemphasize the 'décor'." How true and sound that is! But M. Cocteau has made a strange use of his new wisdom. For one escape he has substituted another; from the machine he has passed to the Virgin, from myth to myth.

He illustrates an experience and a malady of our time. Science was to save us; the machine was to conquer the earth. All traditions were to be broken, all art was to be remade, the everlasting symbols of communication between man and man, growing out of human nature and therefore conformable to it, were to be tossed aside. Painters painted in cubes and in bits of steel stuck on wood, musicians sought for cacophonies, poets celebrated in shredded prose, the machine,, the jazz-band, and the cinema. Then came the war and the machine came near wrecking our laboriously built civilization. The gentler spirits, like Cocteau, underwent something like a conversion and eyperienced a spiritual revulsion against the idols of their earliest years. But they were not strong enough nor gifted with enough insight to turn to the saving tradition of reason which has never overvalued the fashions or inventions of the hour but used them and subordinated them to its eternal purpose. These poets seeing their machine-god smashed turned to ecclesiastical images. They needed some image before which to bow down. They left the hangar of Garros and went to Chartres with Péguy. A pitiful conclusion. But Europe is today under the sign of that pathetic reaction in both literature and politics. Especially in France Catholicism is coloring literature more and more. Even Jewish writers are fleeing to the Church. Erect and enlightened spirits from before the flood, like Paul Valéry, stand unmoved. But a younger generation is seeking convalescence from the madness of the machine in stained glass and incense and a feeble toying with conceits. Perhaps the children of today will re-ally themselves with the tradition of those who never succumbing to the machine never reacted from it and through war, peace, and reaction kept their heads.

Baudelaire has found a new biographer, this time a poet, in the person of François Porché. In his "La Vie Douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire" (Paris: Plon), M. Porché writes with feeling and intensity of "the father of modern poetry," though his criticism contains little that is novel and much to which exception may be taken.

A recent German novel of considerable merit is Gustav Frenssen's "Otto Babendiek" (Berlin: Groelsche Verlagsbuchhandlung). This is an autobiographical tale which unfolds its story of the evolution of a village boy into a writer in leisurely and ample fashion.

THE ITALY OF THE ITALIANS

By E. R. P. Vincent

"The essential 'Italy of the Italians' is, for me, a fusion of various predominant spiritual and material phenomena, of certain habits of mind, certain moral inclinations, certain historical tendencies, certain social and scenic environments." Mr. Vincent does not picture his Italy as the usual tourist—from the outside looking out—but rather with an intimate knowledge of the country as well as of the people, gives his ideas from the inside, looking in. $5.00

A DUTTON BOOK

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On the Air

A DIGEST of the following ten articles, chosen by a Council of Librarians, as outstanding contributions to the June periodicals, was recently broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, by Station WOR:

SHALL MR. COOLIDGE HAVE A SECOND ELECTIVE TERM?
Simeon D. Fess in *Review of Reviews*

The author is the principal spokesman for those who want the President to run again; and this is an argument to prove that the year and seven months as President Harding's successor should not count as a first term.

THE WEST GOES TO CHINA.
Grover Clark in *Century*

The impact of modern Western civilization has shaken China to her foundations. But a new structure is slowly rising composed of elements borrowed from the West and from old China, translated into terms of Chinese life.

IN PRAISE OF IZAAK WALTON.
Herbert Hoover in *Atlantic Monthly*

The able American, Herbert Hoover, who knows the United States of America like a book, explores and measures our waterways in order to determine how we may best preserve our fishes—and fishing!

THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF FASCISMO.
Gaetano Salvemini in *Atlantic Monthly*

The author, who is Italy's foremost historian and is now in exile, sends us some annals of Fascismo. His examples of events and incidents are striking and very informative.

CONFESSIONS OF A FORD DEALER.
Jesse Rainsford Sprague in *Harpers Magazine.*

A former Ford agent tells to Mr. Sprague the frank story of how he unloaded upon the public the cars unloaded upon him by the company and gives American business men something to think about.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOODS.
F. H. Newell in *Review of Reviews*

What caused the present floods, the damage they have wrought and, above all, what may be done to prevent great inundations in the future—by the former Chief of the U. S. Reclamation Service.

ARE THE DAYS OF CREATION ENDED?
John C. Merriam in *Scribner's*

Civilization is not a disease which leads to destruction, asserts the author who sees man eventually as the arbiter of natural laws and evolution taking the form of increased human capacity for knowledge and its use.

ANTIOCH AND THE GOING WORLD.
Robert W. Bruere in *Survey Graphic*

The picture of an experiment in giving college students a chance to measure themselves against adult standards of job performance and wage earning, based on undergraduates' accounts of what they are learning under the "Ant" plan.

OUR NEGLECTED STATE DEPARTMENT.
Henry Kittredge Norton in *Century*

The author reveals conditions in our overworked and undermanned department of state, showing how as present organized it is impossible to keep pace with our increased responsibilities; our contacts in every quarter of the globe.

J. P. THE YOUNGER.
W. M. Walker in *American Mercury*

Aloof and reserved, shunning publicity, the present Head of the House of Morgan is nevertheless a very active and forceful personage. In this article Mr. Walker presents an admirable sketch of this little known but powerful figure.

Two recent additions to the Replica Series, which Noel Douglas of London is publishing, include Keats's "Poems" of 1817 and Shelley's "Adonais." On the flyleaf of the British Museum copy of the Keats—which is the one reproduced—there is a note signed F. Locker, otherwise known as F. Locker Lampson, dated February 20, 1869. This states that Robert Browning had dined with him that day and told him that it was a copy of this edition that was found in the bosom of the dead Shelley. The "Adonais," which is reproduced from the Pisa edition of 1821, described by Shelley as "beautifully printed," thought by many to be the highest consummation of the poet's art, is highly prized by collectors.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

ALLAN AND THE ICE-GODS: A Tale of Beginnings. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

It would be hard to conceive of duller reading than this second posthumous romance to appear since the author's death slightly over a year ago. The venerable Allan Quartermain, resting in England, full of hoary wisdom and memories, is bequeathed by his late friend, Lady Ragnall, an immense fortune, which he generously declines to accept. She also wills to him the casket of magic Taduki leaves, the fabulous herb whose fumes, when inhaled, transport one back to an early period of one's former existences. The temptation of the leaves is too much for Allan to resist, so, with his old pal, Captain Good, doing likewise, he imbibes a noseful, and off they go to dreamland. Their reincarnated personalities now inhabit the bodies of neolithic cavemen at the beginning of a glacial age, and it is the narrative of their prehistoric adventures which fills all but some forty odd pages of the book. The two cronies survive their debauch unharmed, and compare notes solemnly on their experience, the indestructible Allan giving indication that he has more still to tell about his Taduki drunks in volumes of the not far distant future.

SUSAN OF THE STORM. By GRACE MILLER WHITE. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

The anachronistic flavor of this lady's naïve novels seems to identify them as nearer kin to the paper-bound romances of grandma's girlhood than to any fiction which is being published today. Her present story is a little less marked by hilarity of style—but a single "he husked" being noted—and the scene, instead of her usual lowly upstate squatter settlement, is a Long Island colony of wealth. Our Susan, a beauteous orphan of seventeen, branded with the bar sinister, has been raised by humble fisher folk of the village. From this sanctuary she is dragged by a scheming rogue (he knows *all* about Susan's high and lawful parentage) who, forging papers of adoption, instals the unhappy lass in the home of his sister as a kitchen drudge. Susan could wreak fearful havoc among her betters, had she but the proofs of her parents' marriage, which this base villain has wantonly stolen from her dying mother. Ah, the pity of it. But Susan's day of triumph dawns before long more radiantly than the brave girl had ever dreamed.

THE CROOKED STICK. By PAULINE STILES. Doran. 1927. $2.

Hitherto known as an author of short stories, Miss Stiles here makes her bow as a novelist with a fair-to-middling tale of contemporary Anglo-American life. The heroine is Eve Dareth, left penniless as a babe, but with her future safely provided for, under the guardianship of prominent San Franciscans, who see that she has every advantage which her money and their position will obtain. Much of Eve's girlhood is passed in France and England, whence she returns, a ravishing beauty, to drive all men distracted by her indifference to their courting. At last, Eve, now well into her twenties, indirectly causes the suicide of an infatuated youth, a tragedy which renders it advisable that for a while she go back to France. She departs, cherishing the hope of sometime meeting a wonder-man who will love only her spiritual self and not desire her physical perfection. This dream knight she finds in a war-blinded Englishman, and after conventional struggles to determine whether to mate or no, they wed. A surprising feature of the book is that the blind hero is *not* permitted to receive a providential blow on the head which brings the restoration of his sight.

ARSÈNE LUPIN, SUPER-SLEUTH. By MAURICE LEBLANC. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

Immortal Lupin, known here as Ralph de Limézy, has frequently made more advantageous appearances than in this common-place melodrama of the French underworld. The tale starts with a bang, the murder by bandits of three railway passengers, one of whom, an English girl, is the sharer of Ralph's compartment. Vowing vengeance upon the slayers, Ralph sets forth at once to track them down, falls foul of a hostile police official on the same mission, journeys perilously to southern France, whither the trail calls him, and there miraculously escapes from innumerable attempts upon his life. There are no novel turns of plot evident, the whole book being stereotyped in character.

LAUNCELOT AND THE LADIES. By WILL BRADLEY. Harper. 1927. $2.

Two stories run parallel in this novel; one is a fresh elaboration of the Guinevere-Elaine-Launcelot legend, the other an analogous tale in modern dress. The chief modern character is as untidy in his relations with a married woman and with the girl whom we know he will eventually marry as old Launcelot was with his true love and his false. Back and forth, interminably, swings Mr. Bradley's narrative between the past and the present; a good deal of hocus-pocus seems to have been considered necessary for the transitions.

There is much luscious love-making and sentimentality in the telling. It is the sort of a novel that has little appeal to the cultivated reader, for although the author makes the Arthurian setting seem plausible, he covers everything with a sticky sweetness that the healthy mind is almost sure to reject. The following is a fair indication of Mr. Bradley's manner:

"You jest . . . to make me glad," she says. "But, dear, dear lad, your eyes . . . they are so sad."

"Smile, dear," says Launcelot.

And with him holding her chin up, and she, having no place to look except into his eyes, and his eyes fast becoming a romp of joyousness, she must needs smile.

THE MULTITUDE. By WILLIAM GARRETT. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Biographical in form, this simply told, naturally appealing tale relates the life-story of a young Anglo-Scot, Alan Fairley, from infancy to the verge of his thirties. Left motherless when a child, abandoned by a father whose name he does not know, Alan, though lovingly reared by his maternal grand-uncle and aunt, suffers unjustly the stigma of rumored illegitimacy. He early fixes his ambition upon the achievement of three absorbing aims: To discover the identity of his mysterious living father, to gain renown as a novelist, to win his nobly-born boyhood sweetheart, "Brownie," for wife. But his missing father proves to be a forger, a thief, a drunkard; "Brownie" weds a rich baronet, and Alan's struggles for a place in the literary world are long fruitless. Moderately good though the book is, anyone who has read Mr. Garrett's preceding novels—they are high-grade detective stories—should recognize his stronger proficiency in that realm of fiction.

THE HOLY LOVER. By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Based on the solitary love episode in the life of John Wesley, co-founder of the Methodist faith, this finely balanced historical novel deals with that unhappy period of the great divine's career (1735-38) which he passed as rector of Christ Church Parish, in Savannah, Georgia. Soon after arriving at the colony, in the company of his brother Charles, two Oxford friends, Governor Oglethorpe, and a shipload of emigrants, Wesley became the victim of endless persecutions and malicious slanders. Most of these virulent hostilities he brought upon himself through over-zealous meddling in the affairs of his flock and through the irksome restraint he attempted to exercise over the wicked.

The same rigid austerity caused him to suppress his natural desire for marriage to the guileless young girl whom he loved, and to conduct himself in a manner far from creditable to a priest of God when she wedded another. Pressure brought to bear by his enemies forced the misguided Wesley's ignominious return to England. This is, of course, Wesley in his thirties, obscure, well-nigh friendless, fanatically self-centered, still unawakened to the tremendous creative powers which later made of him the foremost ecclesiastic of his age. Mrs. Oemler's admirably temperate portrait of the man at this negative stage disguises none of his dour and narrow unattractiveness, but she has most feelingly and authentically suggested the underlying glory of his bitterly tried, inflexibly upright soul.

BEADS OF SILENCE. By LILLIAN BAMBURG. Dutton. 1927. $2.

The fatal beads are a sacred Hindu necklace of precious stones in the possession of Sir Richard Weston, an antiquarian, near whose Yorkshire estate there occur in rapid succession seven murders, followed by Sir Richard's own. Each crime is perpetrated apparently by the same assassin, and each victim seems in some hidden way involved in the sinister mystery of the necklace. Septimus March, eminent private detective, acting with Scotland Yard's aid, visits the scene of the baronet's death, and promptly realizes that here is the most complicated case he has ever attempted to solve. The obscured facts of the eight tragedies are hopelessly confused by a numerous group of potential culprits, each of whom has something ostensibly suspicious to conceal. We have no fault to find with that, but the dénoûement seems to us a flagrantly inept makeshift which nearly ruins an otherwise acceptable detective story.

THE SMALL BACHELOR. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doran. 1927. $2.

Mr. Wodehouse is an old hand at this sort of thing, the impossible farce that needs just the right touch to keep us from putting out the lamp on the bedside table. It is all fluff and nonsense, but we sat up late chuckling till we finished the book. The author is not so pyrotechnically ingenious nor so innocently wicked as is our favorite Ben Travers. And here, though English, he is almost entirely American. Yet he is one of the few Englishmen who can make Americans speak as they do speak. And his manner of expressing himself is simply "a gift." That on the credit side.

But why should we debit him beyond his intention? The butterfly and the wheel come to mind. And instead of leaving "The Confessions of Saint Augustine" or "Touring the Tyrol" in the guest-room, more indulgent hostesses would do well to leave around "The Small Bachelor" for dyspeptic week-end visitors. If it can't draw a smile from them, they are something worse than dyspeptic.

THE EYE IN ATTENDANCE. By *Valentine Williams*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BLIND MAN. By *Reginald Wright Kauffman*. Duffield. $2 net.

CONGAREE SKETCHES. By *E. C. L. Adams*. University of North Carolina Press.

CONFETTI. By *Sophie Kerr*. Doran. $2 net.

RUSTLE OF SPRING. By *Clare Cameron*. Doran. $2 net.

DUNT ESK!! By *Milt Gross*. Doran. $2 net.

TYPHON'S BEARD. By *John Vasseur*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO. By *Ivan Bunin*. Knopf.

THE PLANTER OF THE TREE. By *Ruby M. Ayres*. Doran. $2 net.

DOWN STREAM. By *J. K. Huysmans*. Covici. $2.50.

THE HONORABLE PICNIC. By *Thomas Paucat*. Viking. $2.50.

RAINBOW ISLAND. By *Mark Caywood*. Viking. $2.

THE FOOL. By *H. C. Bailey*. Dutton. $2.50.

STAR OF THE HILLS. By *Wilder Anthony*. Macaulay. $2.

FIND THE CLOCK. By *Harry Stephen Keeler*. Dutton. $2.

Government

THE MECHANISM OF THE MODERN STATE. By *Sir John A. R. Marriott*. Vol. II. Oxford University Press.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE. By *John A. Ryan*. Macmillan. $4.

International

WHAT ABOUT NORTH AFRICA? By HAMISH MCLAURIN. Scribners. 1927. $3.

When Clara Laughlin called her first travel book "So You're Going to Paris!", she hardly thought someone would come forward with a counter-proposal. Yet here is a very good one, and the reader finds it hard to resist Mr. McLaurin's urgent invitation.

With the cessation of warfare in the Rif, North Africa is again safe for the tourist, and the countries of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia are receiving an increasing number of travellers each winter, between the months of December and May. Whereas French guide-books to this region are plentiful, those in English, says the author, are few and far between. He has, therefore, set out to produce a volume that will tell the prospective tourist what he can expect to see if he follows the advertised routes of travel.

Seldom has the reviewer studied a "travel book" which appears to be more adequate than the one under consideration. Mr. McLaurin describes in detail the trip from Casablanca in West Morocco, to Tunis on the easternmost tip of Tunisia, and shows an uncanny facility for giving the traveller just the information he wants to have at hand. If one plans to take the trip, or a portion of it, the book is an indispensable guide; if he prefers to sit at home by the fire, it is an excellent companion.

STATES' RIGHTS AND NATIONAL PROHIBITION. By *Archibald E. Stevenson*. New York: Boardman.

BUILDING INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL. Macmillan. $1.50.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY. By *G. P. Gooch*. Longmans, Green. $3.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION. By *A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*. Yale University Press. $2.

Miscellaneous

HISTORY OF THE SCIENCES IN GRECO-ROMAN ANTIQUITY. By ARNOLD REYMOND. Translated by RUTH GHEURY DE BRAY. Dutton. 1927.

This small volume is rather brief for the purposes of the scientist, while much of it is too technical for the reader who approaches the history of science from the point of view of the general development of civilization. It brings out clearly the enormous extent of the Greek contribution to the world's science, as contrasted with their predecessors in the Orient and their successors the Romans, and it suggests some of the relation of all this to more modern times. The author is primarily interested in the mathematical disciplines, which he treats at some length, but he is brief on biology and medicine, and altogether inadequate on the side of chemistry and technology. The volume is to be commended as an introduction to the considerable French and German literature on the early history of science, while those who desire a more comprehensive view in English may turn to the learned "Introduction to the History of Science" which Dr. George Sarton has just brought out through the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

OUR GENERATION. By ONE OF US. Century. 1927. $1.50.

We wonder whether the author of this trifle is actually a "Seventeen." It would seem so. This is an utterly ingenuous little book about the younger generation. It is a series of short papers that take up "Lines," "The Art of Picking Up," "Conventions," "Romance," "College Boards," "Proms," "Styles," "Flowers and the Man," and other topics. All are light and negligible, and the style is that of a rather pleasant and rather "nice" young girl chattering to herself, if that *is* style. But one can't help liking the authoress. Certainly there is no harm in her, if that will not insult her; as there is no real harm in nine-tenths of the giddy (as some of them undoubtedly are) young things of today. There is another side to the medal, but it does not appear here. But then there is another side to almost anything in life. We suppose the reason the book was published was because of contemporary interest in what "these wild young people" are doing. Well, the majority are doing pretty much as their parents did according to a different technique. Most of them are rather healthy, rather dumb, and rather sane. They are simply colts for a time. This might be the

(*Continued on next page*)

In the Path of
THE STORM
By James R. Franklin

As in "Sun-up," these Virginia folk are ignorant, superstitious, and have strange ways. But deep under their skin they are human. The whole gamut of human emotion is played upon in this powerful love story of wild, native mountaineers. $2.50

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

simple diary of one of the colts. It is unsophisticated and unpretentious. It has a certain freshness and spontaneity. It is not particularly a literary effort.

THE WOMEN'S SIDE. By CLEMENCE DANE. Doran. 1927. $1.50.

Miss Clemence Dane is an English writer of considerable ability. Her "Bill of Divorcement" was a very able piece of dramatic work and her "Regiment of Women" a penetrating and moving study of a child's unhappiness. Her story, "Legend," was still more interesting because of its form. A cluster of her friends sit 'round and discuss a young woman who has just died. They all knew her, all that is except the girl through whose eyes or rather ears the story is told. Gradually a sense of the dead woman's charm is evoked, of her character, of her struggles, and finally of her death. The story told in any other form would have been a tragic one, but by thus telling it backwards, an elegiac mood is evoked in which the beauty and dignity in this short life become apparent. It is a brilliant *tour de force.*

But here, as an essayist, or rather it might seem as a garnerer of her magazine articles, Miss Dane is very much less successful. Her power of characterization finds no place here. The clearness of her beliefs seem platitudinous, and her convictions lead her to be didactic. She is obviously sincere. She really does believe in sensible divorce laws, in the acting of historical episodes in school, in women in business looking better after their health, and in equal opportunity for the sexes. Unable, however, because of the forms she has here chosen, to resort to characterization or to dramatic events, forbidden as Dr. Johnson puts it to "Exhilarate the reader with a giant or a dwarf," Miss Dane falls back on a dismal brightness and exclamatoriness of style.

Let us give an example of what we mean. Miss Dane is suggesting that "Woman" suffers more than "Man" from the strain and noise of modern life and that she should revolt from this "modern Nightmare."

Suppose that she thought so! Suppose that she had the courage to say so! Suppose that she had the strength—"are not women strong?" —to act on her convinctions and—withdraw! Suppose that women should begin to insist on "living in the country" once more! Suppose, instead of acquiescing in the artificial civilization of today, she, a half of the human race, should set to work to impose upon the other half, a civilization of her own—a civilization of the country not of the towns. Could she? Would she? What would happen if she did?

However it is possible that the audience whom she addresses will not be worried by this sort of thing. Let us hope not, for Miss Dane's pleas are all for sensible ways of thinking, and her admonitions are as much needed in the United States as in her own country.

All the same we hope that she will soon turn to novel writing again.

THE NERVOUS CHILD. By H. C. CAMERON. Oxford University Press. 1927.

Devotees of Dr. Cameron's book rejoice in its growing popularity. The suggestions made as to the training of children are based on sound knowledge of the child's psychology, and are of great value. The book is aimed at cure rather than prevention of atypical behavior. The necessity for serenity as a parental personality trait is emphasized and reemphasized. If the book is to fall into the hands of the over-anxious parent the pictures and some of the illustrative incidents are unfortunately chosen in that they set forth chiefly the exaggerated cases.

Poetry

IN TOWNS AND LITTLE TOWNS. By LEONARD FEENEY, S.J. The America Press. 1927.

The Roman Catholic author of this attractive volume is more than a versifier. Often he merely versifies, but in some of his work a fluency in metrics is at the service of truly burning feeling, incisive irony, and quite fortunate phrase. For the most part he deals with simple things, he has no other desire, but sometimes he deals with them with peculiar felicity. Even so simple a verse as

Solon, Plato, Socrates—
Where does your vaunted learning stand?
My grandfather was a schoolmaster
In Ireland!

has the right ring to it, and a glamour. Of course much is plain sentiment (which has never noticeably done the world any harm), but once in so often a quizzical touch steals in delightfully, as in "Love's Young Dream," addressed to Methusaleh. For did he in his age recall with his spouse the time when they were young

And count each lonely century,
And live the days again
When you were a hundred and twenty, and she
A hundred and ten!

"To a Blacksmith," "Night Noises," "Prayer of a Crossing-Tender," "The Deathbed," "The Undertaker," "The Teller's Wife," "Obsequies," "Moonrise on Swampscott Beach," "Transformation," have special originality. The poems for Padraic Pearse and the Gifford Girl have fire. The devotional poems are rather better than most devotional poems. Father Feeney's work has the charm of genuine simplicity, which is of the heart. We will quote the brief one, "The Teller's Wife," though "Obsequies" we like even better:

I've a little squirrel keeps
Me company.
I've a little yellow bird
To sing for me.

Counting money in the bank
My man's engaged.
Everything I love in life
Is caged.

Compression as sure and significant as that is no mean attainment. The gift of the word is on the Irish, and Father Feeney demonstrates that he has it.

SERENADE. By HUGH WESTERN. Chicago: Walter M. Hill. 1926.

One's first thought is, what a charmingly prepared book of poems! Jacket, cover, title-page decoration, print and paper are all of the choicest. Christopher Morley writes a most felicitous "word in parenthesis" at the beginning. Hugh Western is not the author's real name. This is the work of, as Mr. Morley puts it, "the poet and connoisseur valiant behind the man of affairs." But few men of affairs could compass the grace and originality of much of this work. Mr. Western, as we must call him, was assuredly born a poet. His title is fortunate, "Serenade,"—for this is an antique and gallant music and the delicate charm of the phrase is alien to most modern verse. Unfortunately alien, we think.

We are prepared for deftness of touch by the opening poem, "The Serenader," and what more charming than to read in italics the quotation from Milton on the facing page, "My name is Parrot, a byrd of paradyse." "For Fun" shows the author an entertaining fellow. Mice, wrens, and bees he likes, and such odd small matters. But the "Lines Suggested by Symonds's Letters," "The Horned Horse," "To a Reader of Brantôme," "Actæon," "Amalfi," show the rich fabric of his thought, and a line like "on curdled storms the lightning finds a pillow," from "Of Tantalus, His Children," gives great relish. We say the same of this from the long "Night Thoughts in a Prairie," which, save for "L'Envoi," ends the volume:

the curtain of the sky
Foils the clear glitter of its single star
Theatrically.

Yes, the man has the genuine troubadour touch and an air about him. When he is derivative he is derivative in a fine fashion, but at his best he affords us flavor of his own. The frail note lingers.

SONNETS FOR PETROVA and Other Poems. By EDITH BURROWS. Boston: The Four Seas Company, 168 Dartmouth Street. 1927. $2.

The first section of this book is a sincere tribute to a striking personality, written in fluent cadences but without any particularly striking phrase. In the second section are simple songs of no particular individuality. The third and fourth sections are a mixture of tributes to others, lyrics, and sonnets. We cannot find much salience in Miss Burrows's work.

HURDY-GURDY ON OLYMPUS. By BERTON BRALEY. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Berton Braley is the magazine verse-writer *par excellence,* never without a subject, an accomplished rhymester and metrist, and indefatigable workman. He is a characteristic phenomenon of the business man's America. He could almost take out articles of incorporation as a verse manufactury. He has won to the front, however, through the arduous development of natural gifts. The book before us, illustrated by De Alton Valentine, is a garnering of his best work on the Pan Pipes in Jazz, as he calls them, in the Suburbs of Parnassus, as he terms his habitat. There is a good deal of fun in the volume, some mellow sentiment, some matter for office mottoes, the satisfaction of verses neatly carpentered and, to mix the metaphor, adequately engined. Among the light versifiers of America he has his acknowledged place, though F. P. A., for instance, and Arthur Guiterman, distinctly rank him by quite a few files.

WORDS FOR THE CHISEL. By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. Knopf. 1926. $2.

Genevieve Taggard vivifies writing that, taken word by word, at first appears half meaningless, but which proves deeply significant as a whole. Her readers must be subtle in imagination. She will write such sentences, for instance, as this, taken from "The Runner":

One wind is your wind

Which can only be understood if the reader thinks, as it were, in "poetic seizures." Yet she conveys her moment.

The especial pleasure in "Words for the Chisel" lies in her changing cadences, altered tone to altered matter, perhaps most pronounced in her narrative poem "Poppy Juice." There her lines are passionate or sober,—finally steadied to a tragic numbness. Her manner is various, as in pauses to recover thought:

The little shack the schooners anchored by . . .
They tried, the other day to raid the den,
They found a passive Buddha hung up high,
Eight grams of opium and some Chinamen,
With one kanaka hag.

or by the placing of vowels to convey the mood:

And she would sit aside and sigh and dream,
Dream as she lingered at the window-pane;

or in swift intervals of natural description:

The water-fall that poured, rushing in quiet,—
That seemed to fall and then to wane and hang;
. . . . This picture was a pang.
She saw it with the shutting of an eye
White on the darkness of another sky.

Waves mocked her then, and the whispering hush
Spreading with sunset gave her heart small ease;
At night along the reefs, the unending rush—
Not like the noise that falters in the trees
Above the lesser ripples of the breeze;

The story's climax is reached through lines of finely dramatic reserve.

Other poems grouped as "Swarms," "Moods of Women," and "Voice in the Cloud" shows the same sensitiveness to verbal values. Miss Taggard's weakness is indicated by herself in her book's title, for is not "Words for the Chisel" inviting us to pare away a few extraneous syllables? Some just will not fit into place in her lines. But then often the very words you trip over give you pause in which to discover the depth of the thought. She can attain perfect clarity and smoothness, as in, "To Almost Anyone":

You are too wise, too wise, I want
A lover not so chill, so sure.
I might make verses for a taunt
To turn you bold and burn you pure—
So sane you are, so faintly brave. . . .

Go get yourself a cosy grave!

or she can write as surely, though more intensely, the lines of "Memoir" and "Galatea Again." In "Green Parable" we recognize the maturing artistry of her last four years. On the whole, most of Miss Taggard's work now stands free of the marble.

Religion

CAN THE CHURCHES UNITE? Century. 1927. $1.25.

In July, 1927, at Lausanne, Switzerland, nearly two years after the Stockholm Conference of the Churches on Life and Work, comes the long expected World Conference on Faith and Order. To help clarify opinions on church unity in preparation for that conference Bishop Brent edits a symposium of brief essays. The authors, who include some well known church leaders, represent several denominations. They also present several points of view. Some are strongly desirous of unity of belief and practice among Christians. Others are doubtful whether progress in this direction can readily be made. They all contribute to a resultant impression of the many-sided character of the simple and sentimental ideal of a reunited Christendom.

THE STORY OF JESUS AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH. By B. W. BACON. Century. 1927. $2.50.

This is the third considerable volume to be issued by Professor Bacon within a few months. Those who have read his "Gospel of Mark" or his "Apostolic Message," know that they will find here a combination of acute documentary criticism and of subtle theological differentiation. Here, however, Dr. Bacon comes to grips with the central problem of early Christianity, the actual figure of Jesus and his own thought of himself. It is true that Dr. Bacon professes that a knowledge of the deeds and words of Jesus is not to him so much a matter of historical interest as of religious value. Nevertheless, he strives to penetrate behind the Christian apologetic and interpretation of the earliest records to what Jesus really did and said. He relies on certain theological rubrics as indicating the strata of early Christian thought: the continuator of John's work, for instance, or a suffering Messiah rather than an apocalyptic or a Son-of-David type of Messiah, or a martyr dedicated to the sanctifying of God's name and to the bringing in of God's kingdom. In spite of its simple title this book is not a new popular life of Jesus. The methods of the analysis are not easy for the tyro to follow. The material was originally presented in lecture form to theological students or graduates. It will appeal to a similar class as its readers.

THE PARABLES: THEIR BACKGROUND AND LOCAL SETTING. By REV. N. LEVISON. Scribners. 1926. $2.50.

The parables of Jesus have been a favorite subject for both scholarly and popular monographs. The present example belongs rather to the latter type, though it reflects independent thought. The author brings to the subject a somewhat unusual equipment. He was brought up in Palestine in a conservative Jewish home and is now a minister of a Christian church. The local color from modern Syrian life is particularly useful to him in interpreting the parables. When he tries, however, to discover the application to which Jesus gave the illustrations he meets the greatest difficulties to which all interpreters are subject. Reported in the gospels, often apart from their original context, they permit of more than one meaning. Except where they become prosaicly modern, Mr. Levison's suggestions are often novel and appropriate.

THE CHRISTLIKE GOD. By *Francis John McConnell.* Abingdon. $1.75.

JUDAISM. By *George Foote Moore.* Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $10.

THE LIFE OF PRAYER IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE. By *William Adams Brown.* Scribners. $2.25.

THE NATURE AND RIGHT OF RELIGION. By *W. Morgan.* Scribners. $3.75.

THE CLASS WAR IN HEAVEN. By *Luke.* Boston: Richard G. Badger.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP AND ITS FUTURE. By *G. A. Johnston Ross.* Abingdon Press. $1.

Science

THE MIND AND ITS MECHANISM. By *Paul Bonsfield.* Dutton. $4.

PREHISTORIC MAN. By *Keith Henderson.* Dutton. $3.

ABSTRACTS OF THESES. Vol. III. University of Chicago Press.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HEREDITY. By *William M. Sadler.* McClurg. $2.50.

THE LOGIC OF MODERN PHYSICS. By *P. W. Bridgman.* Macmillan, $2.50.

THE ELEMENTS OF RADIO-COMMUNICATION. By *O. F. Brown.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

STARS AND ATOMS. By *Arthur Stanley Eddington.* Yale University Press. $2.

BEING WELL-BORN. By *Michal F. Guyer.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

SCIENCE AND THE FALSE MESSIAH. By *C. E. Ayres.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

THE NATURE OF MAN. By *George A. Dorsey.* Harper's. $1.

MARVEL'S OF MODERN MECHANICS. By *Harold T. Wilkins.* Dutton. $3.

Sociology

SOCIAL MOBILITY. By *Pitirim Sorokin.* Harpers. $3.75.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY. By *Ernest R. Groves.* Lippincott. $2.50.

HISTORY OF CUTTERS' UNION LOCAL 10—I. L. G. W. U. By *James Oneal.* Local 10.

THE GOAL OF SOCIAL WORK. Edited by *Richard C. Cabot.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

READINGS IN URBAN SOCIOLOGY. Edited by *Scott E. W. Bedford.* Appleton. $5.

Travel

MY JOURNEY TO LHASA. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL. Harper. 1927. $4.

The frontispiece portrait of Mme. David-Neel shows a woman with an independent poise of the head, fearless eyes, and a humorous mouth. The only white woman to succeed in entering the forbidden city is entirely feminine, not least so in her motive for undertaking the risky journey. She did it to spite the British government, and to demonstrate that "the earth is the inheritance of man, and that consequently any honest traveller has the right to walk as he chooses, all over that globe which is his"—or hers. And so eventually, in a photograph which piques the imagination—for who could have

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taken it?—we find Mme. David-Noel in Lhasa, seated in triumph in front of the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, with her adopted son and faithful companion near her. She remained in Lhasa for two months, in disguise, enjoying the New Year's festivities and taking notes to her heart's content. Her book is a throroughly absorbing tale of adventure, heightened by touches of the supernatural, quite matter-of-factly treated, and also a highly valuable first-hand record of the customs of the Tibetan people with whom she lived in an intimacy probably more interesting to look back upon than enjoyable to endure at the time.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES; AMONG THE DYAK HEADHUNTERS. By WILLIAM O. KROHN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $5.

Disgust with (evidently) the Loeb-Leopoud trial drove Dr. Krohn from this country for change and refreshment. He forsook the jungle of civilization, as exemplified by medico-legal work in the courts, for the jungle of the savage headhunters of Borneo. It must be said that in his account of his journey thither he hangs so many participles as almost to qualify as a murderer himself. Jocular puns, emphasized by inverted commas in the manner of Henry James, are also conducive to restlessness. All this vanishes, fortunately, when our adventurer reaches Borneo. The book resolves itself into a straightforward account of the Dyaks and Malays of Dutch Borneo, with all the details which any reader most wishes to have in learning for the first time of the manners and customs of a little known people. Headhunting, it seems, is a question of etiquette, courtship, and ceremonial, and not all the Dutch authorities' prohibition of the practice itself and the *kanjar dodo* (war dance) and flute-playing that lead up to it has been potent to quench the Dyaks' natural desire to do the correct thing in the correct way.

LLAMA LAND. By ANTHONY DELL. Doran. 1927. $10.

Anyone contemplating a trip into the back country of Peru will find this book a mine of accurate and useful information. A pleasant record of the journey of a man interested in birds, plants, and primitive people. The volume lacks, however, the sense of adventure and dramatic visualization needed to transport the armchair traveler beyond his own fireside. Those who travel for others should see life more vividly, should see the forest and not merely the trees.

LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC. By SETH K. HUMPHREY. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $3.50.

The implications of this book are hardly as restful as its title. On his leisurely way through the Pacific to China and Japan Mr. Humphrey dropped in at several American island possessions, and his remarks on what he found show him to be an acute, shrewd, and clear-eyed observer who is gratifyingly free of any tendencies to indulge in fine writing. He predicts that in a decade or so the Japanese will be in a decided majority over all other races in the Hawaiian Islands—and notes that the United States Government is spending millions in fortifying the island of Oahu. No one outside of a uniform (except, perhaps, the authors of "Rain") can conjecture what earthly use Pago-Pago in American Samoa is to its owner, he says. The chief difficulty in the way of granting independence to the Filipinos is that no Filipino would ever be likely to have a finger thereafter in the political control of the islands. Every man in a recent legislature was a *mestizo* (half-caste). His description of the social intricacies of transportation in Manila is not merely amusing; here as elsewhere his faculty for selecting a significant detail forestals any impression of thinness in a book which covers so much territory.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. Revised from Marsden's Translation and edited by *Manuel Komroff*. Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES. By *Robert L. Mason*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

OLD CALABRIA. By *Norman Douglas*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE. By *Leslie Richardson*. Dodd, Mead. $4.

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. By *C. W. Domville-Fife*. Lippincott.

ON HIGH HILLS. By *Geoffrey W. Young*. Dutton. $6.

ON TOUR WITH QUEEN MARIE. By *Constance Lily Morris*. McBride. $2.50 net.

War

AGRICULTURE AND FOOD SUPPLY IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR. By *Michel Augé-Laribé* and *Pierre Pinot*. Yale University Press. $4.

THE FORMS OF WAR GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE. By *Pierre Renouvin*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

THE HONORABLE PICNIC. By *Thomas Raucat* (Viking).

DISRAELI. By *D. L. Murray* (Little, Brown).

THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC. By *Basil Woon* (Knopf).

H. M., Johnson City, Tennessee, asks for a collection of short stories to send to three German ladies "enthusiastically becoming acquainted with the English language and America." These stories must have plots that will hold the interest, and must be very modern and about America. In German literature the ladies are devoted to Schnitzler; they found the O'Brien "Best Short Stories" and the O. Henry annual had too much dialect—negro, gangster, etc.; the only tale they liked was Sherwood Anderson's "Death in the Woods." H. M. thinks that Willa Cather's stories would not have plot and circumstance enough to hold their interest at present.

GIVE them Thyra Samter Winslow's "People Round the Corner" (Knopf); this country is safe in her hands as interpreter, so far as she goes. These delicate ironies, these brief illuminations of everyday lives, while not in the least like Schnitzler's, are as truly American as his are Viennese. And give them Edna Ferber's new volume, "Mother Knows Best" (Doubleday, Page); these are sparkling stories in the American manner. If the tales were not required to be American, I would recommend William Gerhardi's "Pretty Creatures" (Duffield), for its masterly story of a German non-producing genius and his daughter, "The Vanity Bag." If these ladies would like to absorb a knowledge of American cooking in the course of reading a volume of short stories, let them by all means get Sophie Kerr's "Confetti" (Doran). These are the most chewing stories I ever did read; there is one that describes a series of competitive dinners, giving the menus and all but the recipes of every meal; so far it is all very well, and I remember being quite moved when I read it first in the *Sateve*, but taken so many on this order together in a volume shows fatty degeneration of the style.

I sympathize with sufferers from dialect in foreign stories, but I have accumulated too much bile from trying to read the jokes in *Simplicissimus* to put too much effort into protecting anyone in Germany from a corresponding experience. Still, in the stories I have named dialect is at a minimum.

R. G. H., New York City, asks for something to send to a man of a philosophic turn of mind, not averse to exercising his brain in the summer.

I WISH that readers of this department who take an interest in theories of the structure of time, or indeed in theories of space and time in general, would read a book lately published in this country by Macmillan, so startling in its apparent conclusions and in its nature so unusual that I fear it may be passed over as pseudo-science by those who look only at its jacket. This is "An Experiment With Time," by J. W. Dunne, an English scientist led into making these investigations by a series of dreams in which he saw events that took place some days later. Of course this suggests dream-books and general foolishness, but the work is serious and elaborately documented; I have given it to two experts who have confirmed my own quite unofficial view that it is as important as it is surprising.

The first part of this book, describing the experiments, is easy enough for one interested to follow, but the second part takes all the intelligence you have, even to keep in sight of the mathematics. For this reason I suggest as a work of transparent directness of speech and beauty of content, Canon Streeter's "Reality" (Macmillan). This book is making a steadily widening ripple through my acquaintance; it seems to speak to old or young, and to carry its messages not only to the learned but to the simple. Every one to whom I lent my copy has bought at least two copies to send away.

G. P., St. Louis, Mo., asks for two or three humorous books.

OF all the funny books this year my first choice is Robert Benchley's "The Early Worm" (Holt), and I have an idea that as long as Mr. Benchley continues to provide me with an annual book, it is likely to be my favorite. But I have a copy of Ring Lardner's pseudautography, "The Story of a Wonder Man" (Scribner), at my bed's head, and I must have reread it almost as often. "Whoops, Dearie," by Peter Arno (Simon & Shuster), gives one a chance to keep a number of the energetic Whoops Sisters pictures where you can look at them without having the *New Yorker* bound, but the story continually fades out. P. G. Wodehouse is another of these dependables; if you read him at all you read everything he writes, and this new one he has written, "The Small Bachelor" (Doran), is as good as the others. Lest that sound somehow as if I were not a Wodehousian, I hasten to enroll as a hundredpercenter; at least I think I have read everything he has written. Magdalen King-Hall, who as "Cleone Knox" scored a hit with her plausible "The Diary of a Young Woman of Fashion" (Appleton), has just brought out a demure parody of the standardized memoirs of unimportant Victorians, called "I *Think* I Remember" (Appleton); it will depend on whether you have read many of these as to the amount of fun you find in this delicate burlesque: for my sins I have gone through seas of them, and I find the book most amusing.

G. J., Bronxville, N. Y., asks for six travel books, recent, and valuable for information, entertainment, and literary merit; the place visited makes no difference.

I HAVE been reading Knud Rasmussen's "Across Arctic America" (Putnam), with extraordinary interest; not that I care so much for cold weather, but I do care greatly for first-hand accounts of the customs, legends, and myths of primitive peoples, and these reports on life among the Esquimaux are fascinating. The stories, songs, and photographs make this a most enlivening book.

If this reader knows Richard Halliburton's "The Royal Road to Romance" (Bobbs-Merrill), he will by this time have procured the next book by the same young man, "The Glorious Adventure" (Bobbs-Merrill), and probably found it not so good. But again I don't know; it is the personality of the traveler that gives it its immense popularity and genuine hold on the affection of readers, and the same personality is strong in the second book. One might call William Beebe's "Pheasant Jungles" (Putnam), a travel book as well as a natural history record, and all that Beebe writes is to be treasured.

"To the Land of the Eagle," by Paul Edmonds (Dutton), is about Montenegro and Albania; the unusual illustrations are by the author. This is as good entertainment as an armchair traveler could wish: a land whose discomforts are such that a lazy person is quite willing to let someone visit it for him and whose people, cities, and scenery have the qualities that call for an artist's eye and power of reproduction by word or brush, and a writer who can put all this between covers. "From Corsair to Riffian," by Isabel Anderson (Houghton Mifflin) goes through Tunisia, Algiers, and Morocco by motor; another woman, Mme. Alexandra David-Neil, goes further in "My Journey to Lhasa" (Harper), an account of her fifth expedition in remote parts of Asia. In this book she tells how she spent eight months in unknown Tibet and was the first white woman to enter the Forbidden City. The importance of Abel Bonnard's "In China" (Dutton) is at present enhanced by newspaper reports from the Far East, but at any time it would have been a book to own, sympathetic and of unusual literary quality. For an island story—including the sea—there is Seth K. Humphrey's "Loafing Through the Pacific" (Doubleday, Page), in which he rambles from Hawaii to Japan by way of Samoa, the Fijis, and Australia. I have already spoken of Nina Larrey Duryea's "Mallorca the Magnificent" (Century); it could well go on this list.

Come to think of it, "Trader Horn" (Simon & Schuster) must be a travel book, as well as a number of other kinds of entertainment. As everyone seems now to know, this book was written by an actual Alfred Aloysius Horn, and taken by him a chapter at a time to Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, who edited it, but without extracting the flavor. At the end of every chapter the conversation he had with her about it is reported, and so far as I am concerned, these are the priceless parts. It is the kind of book from which one looks up every few minutes to give one's self time to turn over the full taste of something on one's tongue. Simon & Schuster have just sent word to the world that "old man Horn need never sell gridirons again" as the result of the book's success; he is taking refuge from the bitter cold of winter at Johannesburg in an old man's home at Durbar, but his new prosperity will let him come out when he likes and go where he pleases.

M. H., Indiana, asks for advice on the selection of French books of the past season to present to American students of contemporary literature.

PROFESSOR ALBERT SCHINZ, who writes the regular article on this subject in the "New International Year Book" (Dodd, Mead), has just published in the *Modern Language Journal* a survey of the year in French literature, "L'Année Littérraire 1926," which has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and though I see no press imprint, I suppose could be bought at Smith College, to whose faculty Professor Schinz belongs. I recommend this brief summary to anyone interested in keeping track of events in French publishing circles; there are not too many books named to be confusing, and enough to allow choice. Plays are included, and a selection of important "travaux d'érudition et de critique."

J. J. W., Denver, Colorado, asks for stories to tell to children from four to ten years old.

THE best book I know on the technique of story-teling is Woutrina Bone's "Children's Stories and How to Tell Them" (Harcourt, Brace), though I know many story-telling artists still prefer Marie Shedlock's "Art of the Story-Teller" (Appleton), which includes eighteen stories as well as many lists.

If the stories are for home consumption, a new book from Longmans will be worth keeping in mind: it is not out yet but soon will be, and the author is one whose hold on young imaginations is sure. This is "Ten Minute Tales," by Stephen Southwold, for children from eight to ten. One who has found how strong the appeal of the right kind of poem can be to little children will be glad to add to "When We Were Very Young," a gay little collection, "Joan's Door," by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes), with amusing drawings such as young artists might have produced. These are by the author of the romantic fantasy "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" (Stokes), one of my standbys when people ask me for a love-story for very young girls. There is a large volume called "A Staircase of Stories," by Louie Chisholm (Putnam), that has found its way into several families on my advice, and made friends generally; it ascends by ages, but there are plenty for little readers or listeners. These are English and some of them are old. "Sunshine Farm," by Zoe Meyer (Little, Brown), is good to take into the country for little children's vacation-reading: the type is large and the vocabulary adapted to theirs.

M. I. C., New Bedford, Mass., asks books for planning a walking trip through Cornwall.

"DAYS in Cornwall," by C. L. Hind (Brentano), is a pleasant record of actual walking tours in Cornwall, full of legends. I found C. E. Vulliamy's "Unknown Cornwall" inspiring when I was meditating a walk in this part of the country last summer (I went through La Perche instead, however), so I was glad to find that it had been published here by Putnam. "King Arthur's Country," by F. J. Snell (Dutton), is another new book that would be inspiring here; it of course has much to do with Cornwall, but includes also Dorset, Devon, Wales, Northumberland, and Brittany.

When Napoleon was asked who his ancestors were, he answered, "I haven't any." But words are different. They have ancestors, and in

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

you will find it great fun to trace their genealogy.
The *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* says "The book is more fascinating than a novel."

4th ed. $2.00

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Points of View

P. E. N.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I have the hospitality of your columns to reprint the following letter addressed to you in your capacity as delegate to the International P. E. N. Convention?

To Mr. Henry S. Canby:
SIR:

At the request of the Board of Directors of the American Center of P. E. N., expressed at a meeting in Town Hall Club April 28, 1927, I am embodying herewith, for formal presentation by you to the International Convention of P. E. N. in June, the main features of a letter and a project which I presented at that time to our Board of Directors.

In brief, the project calls for the establishment of an international clearing house of literary information to simplify, clarify, speed, and make more efficient to everyone concerned—author, publisher, and public—the flow of literary expression across language frontiers. Thus stated, the purpose of such a clearing house would seem to be not only wholly in line with the ideals and motives underlying the founding of P. E. N., but also to give active, concrete expression to these ideals and a substantial, practical basis for the continued life of our organization.

When I first stated my ideas to you a year ago, I was not aware that a similar project on a somewhat smaller scale was already under way at the instance of Mr. John Galsworthy and others. I am glad to hear from you that you have presented my ideas in a general way to Mr. Galsworthy on his recent visit to this country and that he appears to see no conflict between the two schemes. This gives me confidence to urge my project, not because it is mine, but because I feel that P. E. N. by its very nature is bound to do things on an ambitious and far-seeing scale and that only by planning ambitiously and with vision can it justify its existence.

We are all too well acquainted with the casual, accidental, and slip-shod methods prevailing today in the introduction of the latest and best literary output of one language to the readers of other languages. Frequently less important works are given international currency to the neglect of more important works. Not only the neglected author but the true spirit of his nation is thus the sufferer, as well as the intelligent minds of the nation to whom he has been denied. Misrepresentation like this is not necessarily wilful; it may be merely the result of the whim or caprice of some individual publisher or translator. In either case, this situation will likely prevail until adequate data are readily available to all publishers, for it is only the rare publisher who, at great cost, maintains his own scout system in other countries. I feel, too, that there is something more important than merely literary and esthetic factors at stake in this situation. At a time when the precarious peace and the reconstruction of the world are dependent on prompt interchange of opinions among the nations, the tongues and the races, even so small a matter as unwarranted and avoidable delay in this interchange can assume undreamed proportions and entail disastrous results.

In order to provide a bureau making instantaneously and at all times available complete data for the use of publishers and writers in every country, I would suggest that International P. E. N., in convention assembled, sponsor the opening of a permanent secretariat, preferably in Paris, for geographic, diplomatic and economic reasons;

That this secretariat be empowered to solicit and to receive from a duly constituted body in each country, consisting of a jury representating that country's P. E. N., either P. E. N. members exclusively or including on invitation representative outsiders from all walks of cultural life, an annual or more frequent selection of that country's most representative and most significant literary output—novels, plays, poetry, history, essays, public affairs, etc., etc. This selection to be limited in number to assure only the best. Different countries to report in rotation through the year to avoid congestion of the secretariat. Each volume selected to carry attached to it a digest of its contents and a summary of facts, running from 200 to 500 words (who the author is, the circumstances and outcome of publication, critical reception, etc.). Also, in order to guard against possible prejudice in jury selections, it is suggested that all publishers (or authors) be authorized to submit any other titles at their own expense, each with aforesaid digest attached, and to have their selections included in the secretariat's published bulletins, for a fee covering cost of translation and publication, provided that these titles be clearly distinguished from jury selections;

That this secretariat be authorized to translate these digests at once into all important languages, to publish these translations and to send them in return for fixed fees to subscribers all over the world. (It would seem that these bulletins could be made attractive not only to publishers, translators, and theatrical producers but also to libraries and to the various departments of schools, colleges, and universities. Tentatively, I suggest a triple bulletin service, as follows: A. Full service from all countries, $50.00 a year. B. Bulletins from any three chosen countries, $25.00 a year. C. Lists of jury selections, without explanatory digests, $10.00 a year.);

That this secretariat be authorized, as soon as possible after indication of interest on the part of publisher or translator, to prepare and issue at a small fee a very rough translation of the work in question, to be a basis of a decision on the part of the publisher to accept the work and arrange for a finished translation, either through the secretariat or on his own account—this acceptance to be conditioned by a final small fee apart from royalty, etc.

To make this permanent secretariat and its proper and efficient functioning possible, I suggest the following cases of operation:

The initial expense of getting the project under way to be met by donation (or loan to be repaid out of future income) on the part of a few patrons of the idea.

Permanent fixed income for acquiring and keeping offices and meeting staff salaries to be drawn from annual contributions from P. E. N. members or centers, either as addition to or allocation of a portion of existing dues.

Additional income to pay for work of translation of digests, etc., office supplies, extension of the project, etc., etc., to come from fees and subscriptions for service—this income as it grows also to repay original loans or contributions.

To any such project as this, there are natural and inherent objections and unavoidable obstacles, even if they are not prohibitive obstacles. They might as well be faced at the start. Someone else who is less enthusiastic than I am may think of more than I can. Here, however, are a few:

Publishers, I am told, are already in touch with all profitable material in other languages. To whatever extent this may be true in America, I doubt very much whether it applies to any other interrelationship between nations. I think, however, that the statement takes too much for granted even in the case of America. In the first place, only a few publishers make any such careful and exhaustive attempt to "scout" the foreign field. Furthermore, since these are few, the public gets only what happens to appeal to these individuals—certainly not an infallible or cosmopolitan test. Nor does this course take into account that considerable portion of contemporary literature in every country which does not exert primarily a financial appeal to the publisher, which he might nevertheless be glad to publish if it were called to his attention and which is of supreme esthetic and political importance to publish.

Again, I am told that existing engagements, arrangements, and agreements between authors and literary agents might conflict with this project and tend to nullify it or to arouse bad blood. For my part, I hardly see how this follows. Nothing in this project need interfere in any way with existing contracts, or with existing agencies or bureaus. On the contrary, literary agents themselves might very well make use of the secretariat to extend the field of their negotiations. It is extremely important from the outset that such individuals and bureaus should understand the spirit of this project, and, in case of its adoption, I suggest that the committee empowered to put the plan into action communicate at once with all such individuals and bureaus with a view to enlisting their friendly coöperation.

I have no preconceptions or prejudices about any of the details of this project and shall be only too happy if others whom it may interest can propose revisions that will make it more effective and speed its realization. I am heartily in accord with the judgment of the Board of Directors of the American P. E. N. in believing that this project should be kept primarily a P. E. N. affair, independent of all other agencies, and that, while it may receive stronger financial support and be more intensively utilized in America than anywhere else, still its international aspects should be kept unmistakably uppermost.

I hope it is not beneath the dignity of the project to remark, in conclusion, that, wholly apart from the direct advantages that may be achieved, I foresee widespread and unusual indirect benefits to the cause of literature and its expanding influence through the legitimate news value of the successive jury awards and the inevitable discussion that would ensue in the public prints.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

Gissing Stories

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The letter from I. F., New Haven, Connecticut, printed in your issue of June 18, leads me to write you to the effect that Houghton Mifflin Company have scheduled for fall publication a collection of short stories by George Gissing which have not hitherto appeared in book form. The book takes its title from the story called "A Victim of Circumstances."

The collection is highly characteristic of the man and his method of bringing out the poignancy of humdrum tragedies. The corrosive action of poverty on character and personal relations is his main theme. Gissing seldom writes without pointing a moral and in these "sombre studies in gray" he is again the uncompromising realist. Not a few of the stories are mere crescendos of heaped up misfortune inimitably portrayed.

"A Victim of Circumstances" contains a preface by Alfred C. Gissing.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Heterodoxy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Perhaps Professor Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu" merits the space that it has received in your review, editorial, and correspondence columns. Certainly the author's high place among American scholars is unquestioned; and certainly this book shows his thoroughness, his industry, and his imaginative powers. Furthermore, apart from facts, the book will appeal to those readers who like Henry James's psychological novels and to those who enjoy literary detective work.

But is not this book as purposeless as the rest of our literary scholarship? Your editorial said, "Many men investigated; few made valuable use of what they found." What use shall we make of "The Road to Xanadu"? Your editorial said that it is "essentially a critique of genius." Professor Thompson's letter said that it seeks "through sources to throw light on the workings of the poetic imagination." Of what value to us is a knowledge of the workings of the poetic imagination? Suppose it were possible to prove every one of Professor Lowes's reconstructions to be wrong, what difference would that make in the poem, in its greatness and its durability?

Is not most of our scholarship of this futile nature? The science of mathematics is not concerned with the manner of Tycho Brahe's death, but English scholarship is much concerned over the details of Marlowe's death. Students of art do not concern themselves with Phidias's health, but English scholarship makes much of Carlyle's indigestion, and Poe's drinking, and Wilde's immorality. Coleridge read travel books, Milton sold real estate, Lindbergh ate half a ham sandwich—what of it? Others have read travel books, sold real estate, and eaten ham sandwiches—but nothing happened. The vital process remains unexplained. The creative process is a psychological one; the amateurish attempts of English scholars to explain it result in lop-sided and futile theses.

Even if we admit that "The Road to Xanadu" is one of the least futile of these theses, the job is only half done. An explanation of a process is useful only when some one can and does learn the process from it. Do we have evidence from any modern poet that this study of Coleridge is useful to him in learning his art? Or will Professor Lowes give scholastic credit to students for studying this book and imitating the methods of Coleridge with some success? When Stuart Sherman raised this latter question in the *Nation* twenty years ago, the answer was almost unanimously no.

The situation today is bad as then. The colleges minutely study all the details of literary creation (heredity, environment, reading, health, matrimonial troubles, repressions, notebooks, and manuscripts). Then they reconstruct the writing process as well as any one can without psychological training and after a lapse of centuries. Then at this halfway point, they stop. "This is the way Shakespeare transformed his material," they say. "This is the way Coleridge worked his ore." "Let me try it!" cries the eager student. "Not as part of your work here," say the professors firmly. So the live students escape and get jobs on newspapers. And the circle is complete when the melancholy professors denounce all modern writers as "not in the great tradition, ignorant of their art, unschooled, without roots, journalistic!"

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

Brief Mention

A MOST miscellaneous assortment of books once again confronts us upon our reserve shelf. First let us call your attention to some small volumes which will be useful to you upon your contemplated vacation, if you intend to spend it abroad. (1) "All About Going Abroad," by *Harry A. Franck* (Brentano's, $1) is a compilation by a thoroughly experienced traveller, with maps and a handy travel-diary included. It slips into the pocket and contains much useful tabulated information. Paris being, of course, the particular mecca of most of us, we can recommend to you (2) both "The Epicure's Guide to France: Paris, the Environs of Paris, Normandy," by *Curnonsky* and *Rouff* (Harper's, $4) and "Dining in Paris," by *Sommerville Story* (McBride, $2). The former is the first part to be translated of a remarkable guide to French good eating and drinking which, in Paris, proceeds by arrondissements and suburbs, and in the province does not neglect the humblest inn which has something to offer. Local recipes are included; a titillating book. The second book is less detailed and elaborate, and English in its point of view.

Further afield is *Lester G. Hornby's* "Balkan Sketches" (Little, Brown), a travel guide to the lands of Slavs, Croats, Slovenes, and so on, by a distinguished artist and illustrator who elaborately decorates his own narrative with pen and pencil. More in the realm of history is "Canadian Footprints" (Toronto: Macmillan), a study in foregrounds and backgrounds by *M. O. Hammond*, consisting of chapters with pictures and a descriptive text on famous scenes and houses in Canadian history. Not the Mexico of today but that of the Vice-Regal Period is treated of in "Mexican Architecture," by *Walter H. Kilham* (Longman's, $5). This book is illustrated with pictures of little known and very charming architecture, the text consisting of an introduction and descriptive notes to each picture.

Virginia Robie fares upon another quest than that of foreign scenes. "The Quest of the Quaint" (Little, Brown, $3) sets forth a collector's adventure illustrated by pictures of her finds. "The Dictionary of Canadian Biography" on the other hand, is a delving into the lives of famous Canadians, a scholarly work intended to be definitive (Toronto: Macmillan). It is valuable for libraries, newspaper offices, scholars, and historians. The biographies are much briefer than in the British Dictionary of National Biography and the work is in one volume.

From the Oxford Press come three volumes of *belles lettres*. First we have "Saint Joan," scenes from the fifteenth century, selected and translated by *Joan Evans* ($2.50), a translation with the text on the opposite page and an historical introduction. Second is "Richard II in Ireland 1394-5, and Submission of the Irish Chiefs," by *Edmund Curtis*, M.A. ($5), a scholarly study of an obscure period when Ireland nearly went back to the Gaels, including hitherto unpublished documents. Last is "The Lady of the Lotus: Rup Mati Queen of Mandu," by *Ahmad-ul-Umri* (Turkoman), translated by *L. M. Crump* ($6). The author calls this Persian narrative now translated with poems attributed to Queen Rup Mati, "A Strange Tale of Faithfulness." The book has a careful preface, and is exquisitely illustrated by reproductions from the Persian originals. "Arabic Literature," by *H. A. R. Gibb* (Oxford Press $1) is authoritative and comprehensive in brief space, running from the heroic age to 1800. "Omar Khayyam the Poet," by *T. H Weir* (Dutton, $1.50), gives the facts about the real poem of Omar as distinguished from *Fitzgerald's* recreation with literary and philosophical criticism.

"The Mercury Book" (London: William & Norgate, 7/6), with a foreword by *J. C*

(*Continued on page* 954)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

YALE STUDENTS' EXHIBIT

YALE UNIVERSITY'S bibliographical activities extend in many directions but they never have held greater promise than they do now. Interest centers in the undergraduate class in bibliography under Andrew Keogh, University librarian. This year's work culminated in a students' exhibition, given on May 14 to 22, which attracted a great deal of interest.

This exhibition comprised early manuscripts; notable examples of printing, beginning with a leaf from the Gutenberg Bible and coming down to the best printers of our own day; nineteen items of Elizabethan literature; sixty-eight examples of the work of English eighteenth century writers; a noteworthy group of nineteenth century English literature; first editions of American authors including many rare volumes; a group of illustrated books, including work of Rackham, George Cruikshank, Aubrey Beardsley, Leo Bakst, Edmund Dulac, Maurice Leloir, and others; and original drawings, autograph letters and manuscripts, comprising a small but very interesting collection.

"It must be quite apparent," says George H. Sargent in the *Publishers' Weekly*, "that Yale is doing its full share to provide the great book collectors of the future. Some of these collectors are sons of wealthy men who are themselves collectors. But all the books exhibited belonged to the boys and were not taken from their fathers' libraries. The exhibition was conducted with a view to eliminating the personal element as much as possible, and following the system of Grolier, the Odd Volumes and other book club exhibitions, the cards placed on the books gave no indication of owner, although a list posted in the room showed who were the members of the class who coöperated in giving the exhibition. There is surprisingly little of the commercial spirit in these exhibitions, and it is most gratifying to note that the exhibitors appeared to have more than a possessional acquaintance with their books."

COMING SALES AT SOTHEBY'S

CATALOGUES of important summer auction sales continue to come from London. On July 4 and 5 a further portion of the library of G. R. Redgrave, vice-president of the Bibliographical Society of London, will be sold at Sotheby's. This part contains an extensive collection of works in facsimile; books on printing; a few interesting early printed books; and some well selected general literature in good condition. Additions to this sale contain such items as Orme's "British Field Sports," 1807-08; Ackermann's "Microcosm;" the works of Goldsmith, Swift, Walpole, and others of the eighteenth century; and a collection relating to the Rebellion of 1715 and 1745.

On July 11 books unsold or returned as imperfect at the sales of the Britwell Court Library, the property of S. R. Christie Miller, including rare and valuable works in early English poetry and other literature, will be sold. This sale comprises 183 lots and is well worth attention as many of the defects are comparatively unimportant.

On July 12 Part I, selections including an important series of illuminations on vellum, forming a part of the collections at Dorchester House, the property of Lieut. Col. Sir George Holford, will be sold by order of his executors. The great Holford library, as it is now to appear in the sales room, is a remainder; a number of the rare early English books, for which it was chiefly renowned, having been disposed of privately by the late owner several years ago. The collection remaining, however, is still the equal of all but a few private libraries in England. Part II will be sold toward the end of the year, and Part III during the first half of next year. All the illuminations in this sale are mounted in frames, the majority of Italian Renaissance design, and glazed. Among the Italian miniatures, "St. Benedict Enthroned," deserves special mention. Every resource of the miniaturist's art has been concentrated on this large page, in an effect of studied splendor, preserved in the most brilliant freshness. Another exceedingly fine fourteenth century miniature, drawn with great power and decorative feeling, is that depicting the four Evangelists with their emblems. The delicate and beautiful fifteenth century "Nativity" is an outstanding example of a great historical initial. The artist has entirely emerged from the early illuminator's technique, based upon contrasting brilliancy of gold and primary colors, and relies for his effect upon draughtmanship and tone. This collection is similar in general character to that formed by the late Lord Northwick, and partly dispersed last November. The two were formed at about the same period, drawing largely upon the Ottley collection, sold in 1838.

NEW MEMBERS WANTED

THE Bibliographical Society of America was organized in 1904 and has just been incorporated this year. It includes in its membership those interested in bibliographical problems and projects of all kinds. The society has meetings twice a year, at Christmas time and usually in June. It publishes its Papers, at least one volume appearing annually. It has published the important undertaking, the "Census of Fifteenth Century Books Owned in America," in 1919, and is now engaged in completing Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America." A news sheet is sent out occasionally. The society needs the membership and coöperation of every lover of bibliography in order to render the greatest possible service. The membership fee is only $3.00 a year and members receive the Papers of the society. Those interested, or desiring information, should write to Dr. A. H. Shearer, secretary, Grosvenor Library, Buffalo, N. Y.

RARE MEDICAL LIBRARY

THE rare and valuable medical library collected by the late Dr. George S. Huntington, which includes books and manuscripts of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, is to be presented to the new Medical Centre on Washington Heights, at 168th Street. It will be purchased by a fund raised by the alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University and will cost $35,000 to make the purchase. It is said that the collection will be kept intact and will be known as the George S. Huntington Memorial Library. It comprises 4,424 volumes; of these 780 were published before 1800.

FIRST PRINTERS OF CHICAGO

THE Cuneo Press of Chicago has printed a work entitled, "The First Printers of Chicago," with a bibliography of the issues of the Chicago Press, 1836-1850, by Douglas C. McMurtrie, in a handsome small folio volume of 42 pages, with many full page facsimiles of rare title pages, in a limited edition of 650 copies, on handmade paper, attractively bound in marbled boards. The introduction of 22 pages gives a very interesting sketch of the beginning of printing in the metropolis of the west.

The printing industry gained its first foothold in Chicago in 1833, in a modest way by John Calhoun, a native of Watertown, N. Y. At the age of sixteen he became an apprentice in the office of the Watertown *Freeman*; when twenty-one he went to Albany and worked for a brief time in the type foundry of Starr & Little; later he moved to Troy and set type on the city directory. He next returned to his first job in Watertown, and after working temporarily at Oswego he purchased some printing equipment and entered into partnership with W. Woodward, with the aim of publishing a newspaper. Due to political reasons it became necessary to sell the paper, and young Calhoun was again unprovided for. Purchasing additional equipment, he established the Watertown *Eagle*, but like so many printing enterprises, it was insufficiently financed, and he soon had to give it up. In 1833 Harlow Kimball visited Chicago, and returned east enthusiastic regarding the opportunities in the middle west. Influenced by his testimony, John Calhoun decided to move to Chicago and set up there a newspaper and printing office. The earliest piece of printing to appear from his press (with the exception of one lot of business cards) was the first issue of the Chicago *Democrat*, a four page, six column paper, about 15 by 20 inches in size, which appeared on November 26, 1833. From this beginning Mr. McMurtrie sketches the progress made in the next fifteen years with considerable detail.

The interest in Americana and early printing makes this a timely publication which many collectors will find interesting and useful.

NOTE AND COMMENT

T. & A. Constable, of Edinburgh, will print, and Chapman & Hall, of London, will publish a complete definitive edition of the "Works" of Walter Savage Landor, edited by T. Earl Welby, in sixteen volumes, limited to 500 sets for sale in England and America. Mr. Welby has had free access to the wealth of material in the collection of Thomas J. Wise.

Part I. of Volume 24 of the English "Book Auction Records" published by Henry Stevens, Son, & Stiles of London, contains 4,522 records of the prices at which books have been sold at auction in Dublin, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London. The records include books from the libraries of W. I. Phillips, E. Beresford Chancellor, Lord Justice Warrington, A. Cronin Fleuret, and William Stebbins, at Hodgson's and several important sales at Sotheby's and Puttick & Simpson's. Richard Hague contributes the opening number of an article on "The Romantic Side of English Bookselling," bringing it up to Tonson's time.

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The Phoenix Nest

THERE'LL be another Ferocious Sonnet number sometime this summer after all, as we couldn't get into last week's all we wished. We shall also acknowledge at that time sonnets sent us that are not used, and their authors. . . .

As to *Lindbergh*, Appleton received the manuscript of the book, "Charles Lindbergh: His Life," by *Dale Van Every* and *Morris De Haven* at noon on Monday June sixth and the stock of the manufactured book was being delivered on Thursday noon, June ninth. Just three days—which is in the nature of being a record in book manufacture. The United Press, of course, originally obtained the condensed life story which was published in the newspapers of its members. Putnam is bringing out Lindbergh's own story subtitled "We." . . .

"The Oop Unit" comes to us from the Laboratory Press of Pittsburgh. It is a brochure by *Professor P. G.* Have you heard of the comometer, "an instrument by means of which the vibrations set up by the sense of humour (when under the influence of specific ideas or concepts) in the sensoria of individuals can be accurately measured"? Neither had we. "The humorous intensity of various ideas is measured in units called oops." *Dr. von Phlegm*, from this, constructed the von Phlegm Scale, the result of observing 25 selected subjects. One interesting incident in his findings is that "abstract *baby* registers 64.10 oops, while concrete *baby* (or, to be more precise, *baby* in the concrete—and I must state further that building material is not here intended) registers —38.18 or 38.18 oops below zero." . . .

The Doubleday, Page Book Shops now own the Sunwise Turn at 51 East 44th Street. They offer a large selection of the newer books and choice first editions for the collector. For those who care to rent books they have a rental library. . . .

"The Week-End Library" is something new from the same firm. If you want something entertaining to read over the week-end, you get all bound up as one book, "The Constant Nymph," by *Margaret Kennedy*, *Don Marquis's* "Old Soak's History of the World," "Dolling," from *Booth Tarkington's* "Women," *Edna Ferber's* best story from "Gigolo," nine essays by *Christopher Morley*, a play by *A. A. Milne*, and *F. P. A.'s* "So There!" For a volume of a thousand pages, "The Week-End Library" is not very bulky and should have a brisk sale. . . .

Henry Holt are talking about a first novel by *Rosamund Lehmann*, in private life the wife of one of the best-known younger members of parliament, *Leslie Runciman*. The novel has an excellent title, "Dusty Answer," quoted from one of *Meredith's* famous sonnets. We suppose Rosamund Lehmann must be the daughter, or at least some relative, of the *R. C. Lehmann* of *Punch* fame. *Alfred Noyes*, an old friend of R. C. Lehmann's, has said enthusiastic things concerning "Dusty Answer." . . .

Lewis Browne, author of "This Believing World," having completed a trans-continental lecture tour, is now in hiding on the Oregon coast while finishing his new book, a biography of *Heinrich Heine*. It will be published by Macmillan this autumn and will be the first full-length biography of the poet to appear in English in more than forty years. Mr. Browne is fortunate in having obtained the research collaboration of *Elsa Weihl*, a distinguished student of German. . . .

Our old friend *Wilbur Macey Stone* has kindly sent us a reprint of the first issue of the old *Daily Evening Transcript* of Boston, for July 24, 1830. He remarks that he got a real kick out of it and read it through from A to Izzard. The advertisements are the most interesting feature, but, as Mr. Stone says, the monumental smugness of the *Transcript* evidently began at its birth, as witness this last sentence in the book auction notice on page two. "The sale sustained the literary reputation of the city." . . .

But an advertisement we particularly liked was

MIDDLINGS. 27 bbls. first, for sale by THOS. WIGGLESWORTH. 16 India Whf. though

CHROME YELLOW, constantly for sale by ATKINSON & ROLLINS, 38 India St.

seemed to point to the popularity of Mr. *Aldous Huxley* even in those dear, dead days. . . .

The publishing board of *Contemporary Verse*, 625 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut—namely *Oswald Garrison Villard*, *S. A. DeWitt*, *Ralph Cheyney*, and *Lucia Trent*, announce an anthology of poems of protest on the *Sacco-Vanzetti* case. This anthology is now being compiled, and, unless the men are freed, should be issued next month. Poets are urged to submit poems and general sympathizers to lend their financial aid to defray expenses. . . .

The Bread Loaf conferences on creative writing are conducted by Middlebury College at the Bread Loaf Inn, from August seventeenth to thirty-first this year. The session will be in general charge of *John Farrar*, till lately editor of the *Bookman* and continuing Editorial Director of the George H. Doran Company. Other members of the staff who will be at Bread Loaf for the two weeks are *Hervey Allen*, *Burges Johnson*, *Herbert Gorman*, and *Addison Hibbard*. There will be informal lectures by *Susan Glaspell*, the dramatist, *Jean Wick*, the author's agent, *Harry Payne Burton*, editor of *McCall's Magazine*, *Floyd Dell*, the novelist, *Achmed Abdullah*, the novelist, and *Philip Dunning*, playwright and co-author of Broadway. Admission to the Conferences is without examination. Write *Wilfred Davison*, Dean, 13 Elm Street, Middlebury, Vermont, for details. . . .

Scribner's announce for early publication "Cézanne" by *Julius Meier Graefe*. It will be the first critical work on Cézanne in English, and the plates, all in collotype and numbering over one hundred, are printed under the author's supervision at his own studio, "Ganymed Works." They should be the finest collection of reproductions of the artist's work in existence. The edition is limited to 650 copies for all countries. . . .

We quote the following from *Stuff and Nonsense*, the eccentric and amusing little paper published once a month by *Donald F. Rose* at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania:

AN HISTOLOGICAL TRAGEDY

An ever-ready appetite
Distinguishes the phagocyte,
So polymorphonuclear,
Corpuscular, and placid;
It gives the poor bacteria
Convulsions and hysteria,
And finally consumes them in
Assimilative acid.

In the latest Stokes catalogue we find an announcement of a new volume of poems by *Alfred Noyes* to be called "Dick Turpin's Ride and Other Poems." The title-poem is said to be one of his narrative ballads concerning Turpin's famous ride from London to York. They say that over 130,000 of Noyes's various books have been sold in the United States. . . .

New fiction by several notable writers on Harcourt's fall list will include *Nathalie Sedgwick Colby's* new novel, "Black Stream," and *Naomi Mitchison's* four fairy-tale plays, "Nix-Nought-Nothing," illustrated by *Winifred Bromhall*. And *E. M. Forster's* Clark Lectures at Cambridge for 1927 will be bound in a book called "The English Novel," which should be illuminating and suggestive to all writers. . . .

Mrs. Canton, widow of the charming *William Canton* of that magical volume of yesterday, "W. V., Her Book," has spoken of a book of her husband's poems which has just been brought out in England by Harrap. Those of today who do not know Canton's beautiful "Invisible Playmate" would do well to look it up. Last fall Hodder & Stoughton brought out in England another book of Canton's, almost completed when he died and entitled "Yesterday, Today and Forever." . . .

Concerning the author of "Trader Horn," the latest choice of the Literary Guild, the publishers of the book, Simon & Schuster, have received the following letter from *Ethelreda Lewis*, one of the co-authors of the book, in which she says:

It is good to think old man Horn need never sell gridirons again. At present he is in a home for old men at Durbar, where he went to escape the bitter cold winter of Johannesburg, and it is good to think he can emerge when he likes and roam about with a mind at rest.

Good den to you!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

Brief Mention

(*Continued from page 952*)

Squire, is a compilation of selections from volumes 1 and 2 of the *London Mercury*. It contains contributions by Chesterton, Beerfohm, Gosse, Katherine Mansfield, Pearsall Smith, Virginia Woolf, Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, Austin Dobson, Robert Graves, Robert Frost, and illustrations by Powys Evans, Will Dyson, and Chesterton. It is an unusual anthological volume which will be of considerable interest to collectors of the future.

Next, to deal with humor, "The Pipe Organ Pumper," by *Dale Beronius*, with a foreword by *Will H. Hays* (Greenberg, $1.50), is a quaint and amusing history of an obsolete but honorable profession. A volume of more veteran humor is "The Gazelle's Ears," by *Corey Ford* (Doran, $2). Mr. Ford was, of course, responsible for former takeoffs on the Rover Boys, which, although showing the influence of Donald Ogden Stewart, were quite deliriously pleasing at times. "The Gazelle's Ears" is a gathering up of his magazine contributions. And, to tell you the truth, they don't quite jell into a first-rate book of humor. A little of it, to us, goes a long way. *J. Storer Clouston* has now carried his Lunatic through many volumes. There have been three of recent years, "The Lunatic in Charge" being the last (Dutton, $2). We can always read of the lunatic with some entertainment; but it's like the thinning out of the original inspiration that was behind Sherlock Holmes,—the inspiration behind the latter-day Lunatic is not nearly so deft and pungent, it seems to us, as the original one.

Here is a good group of books on animals and nature books. All of these titles we can recommend to the reader who is fond either of the observation or the hunting of wild life. First, a book of stories of animals by the accomplished naturalist and author, *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* It is entitled "Man and Beast," and is beautifully illustrated by *Charles Livingston Bull* (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Ten of the thirteen stories are of the beasts of the South African jungle. The wolverine of America and the white tiger of the Malay peninsula are also represented. Mr. Scoville thoroughly knows the psychology of wild animals and keenly appreciates the drama of their lives. He is extremely competent in his field. "Wild Animals," by *Wynant D. Hubbard* (Appleton, $3), is the record of a conquest of certain jungle beasts by a noted university man and athlete. Mr. Hubbard is a member of the American Society of Mammalogists and other associations. He spent three years in Africa as a captor, trainer, and shipper to American zoos. All the happenings recorded in Mr. Hubbard's book are strictly true and he also brings out the romance of life on the veldt and among the natives who helped him snare the beasts he was after. Many interesting photographs illustrate the book. *E. G. Boulenger's* "A Naturalist at the Zoo," illustrated by *L. R. Brightwell* (Brentano's, $3), is a sort of "Who's Who" to the zoos of the world. The writer has humor and expert knowledge. The illustrator's work it would be hard to praise too highly. He is a remarkable draughtsman with as thorough a knowledge of the humorous peculiarities of animal form as the famous J. A. Shepard. Three volumes by *Henry Williamson* (Dutton, $2.50 ea.), are "Sun Brothers," "The Lone Swallows" and "The Old Stag." Here is a disciple of *Richard Jefferies* whose range is even wider. His writing has won the admiration of *John Galsworthy*, as has his intense sympathy with nature. Mr. Williamson's tales and essays are of distinguished quality. He writes beautifully, he creates literature. You have only to read "L'il Jearge," the first story in "Sun Brothers," to be moved and held by his sense of the tragic and pitiful, and by the reality of atmosphere he creates. "The Lone Swallows" are Jefferies-like essays. "The Old Stage," perhaps, marks an advance on the other two books. This is a rare writer who deserves more abundant recognition.

* *

"A History of Caricature," by *Bohun* Lynch, falls into a class by itself. Published by Little, Brown at $6.50 net, it begins with a discussion of the general nature of caricature and treats various periods and phases of it, such as secular caricature, the caricature of bigotry, eighteenth century caricature, continental caricature, and caricature in England and America today. Mr. Max Beerbohm has a whole chapter to himself Mr. Lynch is a caricaturist in his own right, as well as a versatile writer. His book has a supplement of very interesting plates of the work of many hands, from Leonardo Da Vinci down to Ralph Barton. The author claim no laboredly comprehensive quality for his book, but displays an enlightened familiarity with caricature through the ages, and writes with an easy grasp of his subject.

As for the fiction on our shelf, "Lighting Seven Candles," by *Cynthia Lombardi* (Appleton, $2), is a novel of two American abroad, against an Italian background There is both mystery and mysticism in the plot. "Heart in A Hurricane" (*Brentano's* $2) is a sophisticated trifle by *Charles G Shaw*, the most pleasing part of which ar the illustrations, decorations, and colored jacket by *Ralph Barton*. A young man o intense ennui moves through this flimsy tal of rather labored cleverness. "The Gran Buffalo," by *William Garrett* (Appleton $2), is a nonsense narrative, liberally illus trated by Mary Stella Edwards. It seems t us to run somewhat thin, but the author is nevertheless, fairly successful with fantasy "The Children of the New Forest" (Scribner's, $2.50) is a sumptuous reprint, illus trated in color by *Stafford Good*, of *Captain Marryat's* famous story that has bee read with delight by generations of youn people.

Turning to the Muse, "Singing Youth, an anthology of poems by children, edite by *Mabel Moutsier* (Harper's, $2.50), is most interesting volume as indicative of th natural talent for poetry possessed by man youngsters of from four to seventeen. Th anthology is a curiosity of literature whic should open the eyes of many mature peo ple to the sensitivity and instinct for strikin expression of many children. *Robert Frost ingham's* anthology, "Songs of Adventure (Houghton Mifflin), is another of his sma pocket collections, very neatly made, whic render up verses with swing and colo There is some good stirring stuff here, eve if there seems to us to be also some dros The book will be a cheering companion ou of doors. "Flights," a series of poems, mo of them illustrated, some of them set music, by *Tom Powers* (Macy-Masius), r counts the vicissitudes of an R. F. C. pil in Canada, Texas, and Scotland. It is a sem lyrical diary of war-time, the last chapte (so to speak) being written in hospital Scotland and England, all on account of "crash." The author writes and draws wi whimsical facility. "Three Skallywags," b *Watelr S. Greenough* (Bobbs-Merrill), tel *in dialect verse of the doings and sayings* Johnny and Lije and Harrison Tate, a Hoosiers full of devilment, with a homel Rileyesque humor.

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